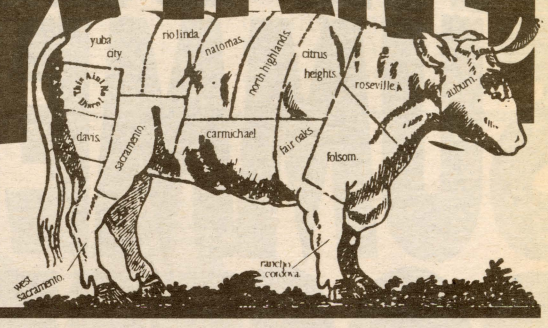
ALIVE&KICKING

a publication of the cattle club celebrating rock 'n' roll, bowling and meat. this is the tenth one.



SOUL MOTOR

Photo: Amy Lehman

WITH HOGWASH & WHISKEY PARK SATURDAY, JUNE 5th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

SPECIAL 'DENNIS IS DEAD' COLLECTOR'S EDITION

INSIDE: PRAYER WHEEL • DEAR JESUS • PRINCE CONCERT REVIEW

THE BLEEDERS SUMMER ROSTER

A LOOK AT SOME SHOWS COMING IN MAY & JUNE

Welcome privileged reader (Yes, the ability to read is *now* a privilege.) How many of you out there are first time ***Alive & Kicking*** readers? Uh huh...uh huh...ok....great. Now, how many of you have been reading this rag since the beginning. Well, well, well. That's something. Remember when it was just two sheets of white paper with bad photo scans and very little text? Well, even then our purpose was as firm as a holding lane.*(a lane which resists hooking action.)* Our one goal: Faithfully introduce bowling to its rightful place in rock-n-roll journalism. I bring this up because every issue since then has explored the fascinating connection between rock-n-roll and bowling and yet....somehow, I feel that my ***Bleeder's Roster*** is still looked upon as...well...a joke. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth. The Bleeder's Roster is a wonderfully convenient and complete look at what bands will be defeated by the Bleeder's in the next couple of months and as a result it also let's you know when they'll be performing before their shameful ass-whoop. But before we get into actual tournament and show dates let's get a few facts and terms straight.

Bowling- The definitive method for distinguishing Winners from Losers. The means by which ultimate world dominance will eventually be obtained.

Rock-n-Roll - Music created by musicians fated to bowling defeat. Each rock band has they're own set of melodies comprising what is virtually their own Requiem. *also:* ***Bleeder Victory Soundtrack Music.***

The Bleeders: Feared and undefeated Official Bowling Team of The Cattle Club. **Goal**: To bowl into defeat every rock-n-roll band that comes our way. **Purpose**: For the hell of it. **Motto**: *"Don't hit me.....I'm a Bleeder."*

Bands-Patsies. Saps. Dog Food. Bleeder Bowling fodder. Generally lured in to bowling alleys after being misled into thinking the Bleeders are "nice guys who let us play at their club." Although sometimes we just find musicians hanging out at the bowling video arcades and purchase their inevitable butt kick with a draft beer. (Sometimes we even promise 'em a show. hee hee hee!)

Official Bleeder Trivia Fact#1: The only bands that claim to have beaten the Bleeders, CHEATED!

Official Bleeder Trivia Fact#2: All bands known to have cheated against the Bleeders soon thereafter gave up music and left town on "business trips of an indefinite time".

Official Bleeder Trivia Fact#3: Although the Bleeders often claim to "kill" or "destroy" their opponents, these terms are only used figuratively. Although the phrase "permanently physically and/or mentally incapacitated" could be used accurately in many cases.

Official Bleeder Trivia Fact#4: Only one death has ever been proven to be the result of a Bleeders bowling competition. Official Cattle Club DJ Dennis Yudt upon reading the warning above the ball return to "Keep Hands Clear Of Chute" announced in a mock southern drawl, "I wonder what would happen if I put my head in there." Needless to say he took the joke too far and although it was quite funny, we had to suffer the inconvenience of changing lanes mid-game while the late-shift at Country Club wrestled with his lifeless corpse for 45 minutes before unwedging his head and the returned "mystery ball" from the chute. *Ahhh... what a way to go.*

Now, there's plenty more trivia where that came from, but let's now explore the trivial. Like who's comin', what it's costin', when it's startin', blah, blah, blah.

Friday, May 14th The After Dark Club pays us a little visit dragging in with 'em **The God Squad** and **Diesel**. This is one hell of a great night if you're into metal with a punk-edge....or...punk with a metal-edge... or....if you're... um... edgy. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. $5 for 21 and older and $6. for under 21.**

Man, if you missed **Tiger Trap** at the Fugazi show, (and you could easily have been any of the hundreds who didn't buy tix before it sold out) well please come see this wonderful band **Saturday, May 15th** as they release their new album from **'K' Records**. They're doin' some extensive touring after this show so catch 'em before they leave. Joining 'em are **The Decibels** who made a very impressive debut at the Anton Barbeau CD release show last month. But what do you expect when the band is basically two-thirds of the late-great E-Types? **Playground** is in from Davis bringing their power/pop/punk perfection. See these guys, seriously. Openin' this cool evening is a charming duo called **The Daisy Spots**. *Bleeder Good Show Stamp of Recommendation.* **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all**

TIGER TRAP: SATURDAY MAY 15th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

FISHBONE: SUNDAY MAY 16th AT THE CREST THEATER

GRANT LEE BUFFALO: SUNDAY MAY 23rd AT THE CATTLE CLUB

ages. $5 for 21 and older and $6. for under 21.

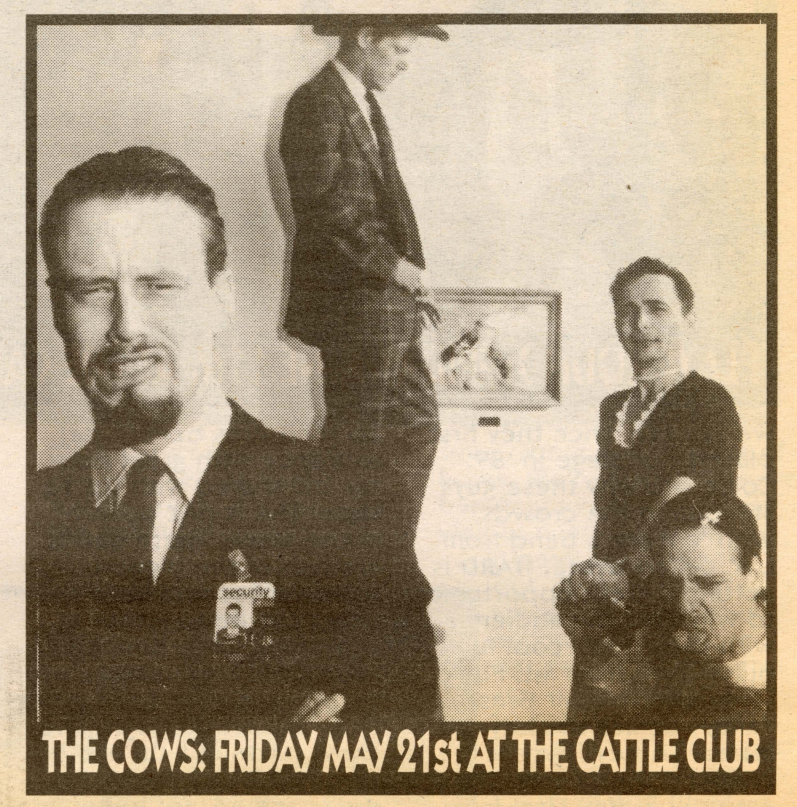
BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW! Have you learned nothing from missing Fugazi? **FISHBONE** IS COMING! Finally. Man, we've been trying for these guys for years. Glad to have 'em, that's for damn sure. Fishbone has been getting bigger everyday. They're even gonna be at this year's **Lalalabamba** *or whatever the hell that* huge outdoor show too big for pleasure is. But you can see 'em indoors at **The Crest Theatre, Sunday, May 16th** just as Nature intended. It will be great. Local faves **Far** fill the second spot. (These boys are gettin' some major label attention lately. Can't say anymore. You'll see.) and opening is the band **Subject To Change. The show starts @ 8:00 and is all ages. Tix are $15 advance and $18 Day of show.**

Uh, oh. Check out **Friday May 21st**. All the way from Minneapolis, land of the Replacements and Prince comes a band that owes absolutely nothing to the aforementioned Minneapol-heads. **The Cows**, notorious **Amphetamine Reptile** recording artists, come to Sacramento for the first time ever to give us taste of their milk gone bad. Noise is the noise of the night. Crunchy, swirly, thick and lumpy. You won't want to miss a single drop. Also contributing to your deafness that evening is **Janitor Joe**. But wait, there's more! Portland Oregon's **Sweaty Nipples** return to the Cattle Club for what will undoubtedly be another of their amazing high-energy performances. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. Tix are $6 advance and $8 Day of show.**

It's pretty exciting when ever I see one of the new Sacto bands and they're better than I've ever seen 'em. But when I can say the same about a band like **7 Seconds** that's quite a statement. Of course, I don't make that claim alone. Just about everyone at their last Cattle Club show was blown away. No lie. It was the best I'd seen them. Check 'em out again at the Cattle Club **Saturday, May 22nd**. It's definitely an interesting bill with the always intriguing **Phallucy** in the middle and **Qore** gettin' things goin' with a grindin' start. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. Tix are $7 advance and $9 Day of show.**

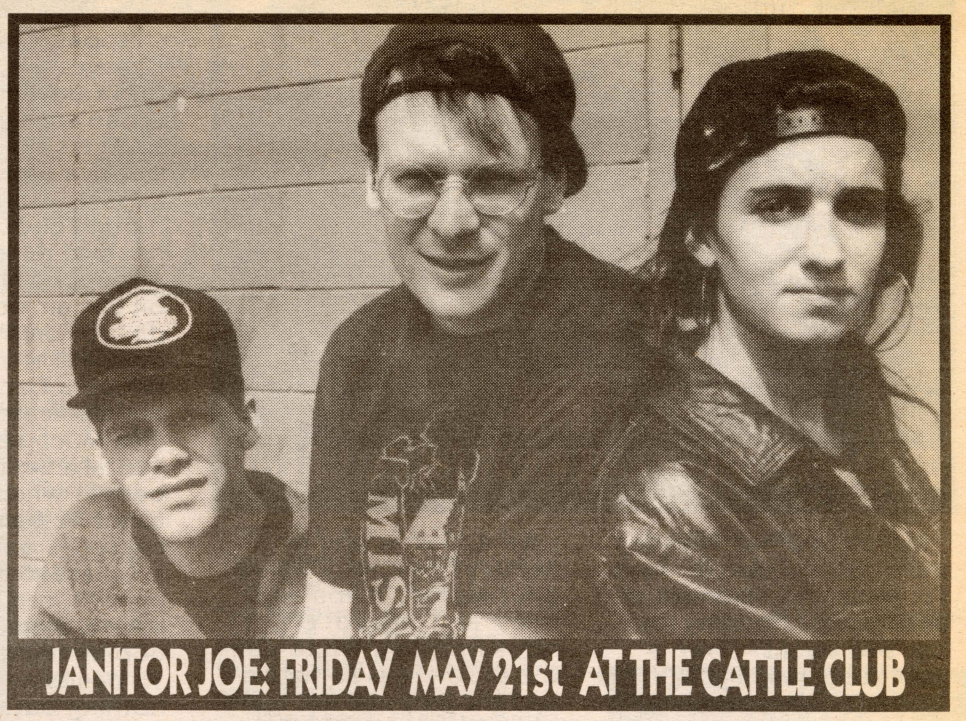
DGC recording artist Sloan rolls into town with a hit song on KWOD 106.5 and a cool show at the Cattle Club **Sunday, May 23rd**. Returning with Sloan is **Grant Lee Buffalo**, who all but stole the show last time through with Mary's Danish. And well, what can be said about Sacto's own **CAKE**? This is one of Sacto's priceless gems. Everyone loves CAKE. It may sound like a bad Betty Crocker slogan but it *is* the truth. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. Tix are $6 advance and $8 Day of show.**

Skankin' Pickle, the high energy Ska band, is back at the club for another attempt at making you dance into fatal exhaustion. Beware. They are highly skilled in the art of making butts shake. **Filibuster** is on hand to aid in your night of abandon. Filibuster shined at the K-Tel night recently, adapting *"Mr. Big Stuff"*, *"I'll Take You There"* and *"Why Can't We Be Friends?"* so brilliantly to their own style you'da thought they'd written 'em themselves. Starting the night is the great **King Apparatus** who were an amazing crowd pleaser a couple of months ago with The Toasters. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. Tix are $6 advance and $8 Day of show.**



THE COWS: FRIDAY MAY 21st AT THE CATTLE CLUB

Looks like **Fungo Mungo** are comin' to The Cattle Club **Saturday, May 29th.** Fungo is a Cattle Club fave, consistently delivering some of the best shows



JANITOR JOE: FRIDAY MAY 21st AT THE CATTLE CLUB

CAKE: SUNDAY MAY 23rd AT THE CATTLE CLUB

PLAYGROUND: FRIDAY JUNE 11th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

we've seen since they first played our stage in '89. Come see why these guys still pull in the crowds. With 'em are a band from L.A. called **Greta. HARD** is getting a great opportunity to win over the audience with their cool, cool funky pulse. And from Mt. Punk (somewhere near Grass Valley) comes the new **Yo' Mama**. So new, they've changed their name. they are now **3-Way Lisa**. How 'bout that? **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. Tix are $8 advance and $10 Day of show**.

UP TO HERE: FRIDAY JUNE 4th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

Here's another **Tuesday** show for low-dough. **June 1st Sway** and **Madness of Dean** are performing for just **two bucks**! Sway is new band making their first Cattle Club appearance. Madness of Dean played just recently openin' for Far. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over**.

Funky Blue Velvet follow up their Aids benefit performance with great double bill shared with **Up To Here**. This is one powerhouse show. These bands are two of the biggest bands in Sac and have never played together at The Cattle Club. **Knucklehead** from Fresno make their first visit to The Cattle Club to start the night.**The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. $5 for 21 and older and $6. for under 21**.

If you were at the White Zombie show at The Crest then hopefully you got to take a look at one of Sacto's finest rock bands, **Soul Motor**. If you were there and missed 'em, it's not surprising. White Zombie's crew was so fuckin' uptight they cut the band after four songs just to keep from going ten minutes over schedule. Lame! Well, in that short span of time Soul Motor rocked. They were great and well, now you can see them as they're meant to be seen. They'll be at The Cattle Club **Saturday, June 5th** with **Hogwash** and **Whiskey Park** complimenting the show perfectly. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. $5 for 21 and older and $6. for under 21.**

If you live in the Sacramento area and have any kind of taste for alternative music, chances are you acquired a portion of that preference from UCD radio station **KDVS 90.3fm**. Well, we all know how strapped colleges are these days. (or so we're told) It's no surprise that KDVS is hurting also. They direly need to raise a substantial amount of money to stay on the air doing what they do. So, on **Sunday June 6th** we're settin' up a benefit for our dedicated Davis Dj's. Much like our Mustard Seed School benefit which featured 32 bands playing songs only from K-Tel records, this benefit, too, will have a theme. We're hoping to have about 15 bands performing nothing but college radio hits. The details and bands are still being worked out, but the results will surely be worth

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catchin'. **The show will start about 5:00 and will be all ages. $7 for 21 and older and $8. for under 21.**

Here's a cool little show. **Friday, June 11th 99 Tales** is back with another headliner. Their last headliner unfortuitously landed on the same night as the Nirvana, L-7, Disposable Heroes, Breeders show in S.F. Ouch! Well, this time I expect we'll see a few more familiar faces at there show. Especially with **Playground** also playing. Add to that those Hollywood Bowling Burgie Boys of the Big Screen **POPdEFECT** and great new band 'round town, **Babel Fish** and this show is a winner.**The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. $5 for 21 and older and $6. for under 21.**

FAR: SATURDAY JUNE 12th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

Following up their show

99 TALES: FRIDAY JUNE 11th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

7 SECONDS: TUESDAY JUNE 22nd AT THE CATTLE CLUB

SURGERY: WEDNESDAY JUNE 30th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

at The Crest with Fishbone, **Far** takes to The Cattle Club stage for the first time in over two months **Saturday, June 12th**. This show will definitely be a Far show like no other. Opening is the hot young band **Flood**. Next up is **Hollowman** who just participated in an incredible show with High Gain and Mother Hips. (One of the best local band shows I've seen in sometime.) And then to really turn things around the **Fonke Socialistiks** hit the stage. All this before Far even gets started. Come on out and get set for a diverse night of great Sacto acts. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is all ages. $6 for 21 and older and $7. for under 21.**

Sub Pop recording artists Les Thugs are scheduled for **Tuesday, June 15** with special guests **Zen Gorillas**. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. Tix are $6 advance and $8 Day of show.**

Southside hero **Mark Curry** brings his band back in to do a little of his gritty magic **Friday, June 18th**. **Prayer Wheel** is doin' a special acoustic performance as are a couple of solo locals. To top it all off, the show's cheap too. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. Tix are $5 advance and $7 Day of show.**

Tommy Stinson, former bassist of the legendary **Replacements**, has himself a brand new rockin' thing called **Bash 'n' Pop**. Now, they may be playin' The Cattle Club **Saturday, June19th** or not. **The Cadillac Tramps** are playin' the 19th with or without Bash 'n' Pop. **Mommy** (featuring former members of **Go, Dog. Go!** & **primo GRANDÉ**) works into this show somehow too.. I truly hate unresolved bookings like this, but with the Tramps and Mommy as sure things, so is the show. Hope you like surprises.

Madness of Dean is back for another Tuesday gig. This one is with **The Sandbox Trio**, featuring some of the folks responsible for such Sacto bands as BUB and Bonehead X. Sure to be interesting and fun. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. $2 @ the door.**

DUTCH FALCONI: FRIDAY JULY 2nd AT THE CATTLE CLUB

CADDILAC TRAMPS: SATURDAY JUNE 19th AT THE CATTLE CLUB

Saturday June 26th offers us a completely cool show with **Filibuster**, **The Loved Ones** and **The Troublemakers**. Filibuster is great, we've already discussed that. The Loved Ones are a treat. Imagine being in London around 1962 when the hipsters first heard Howlin' Wolf or Muddy Waters. Yeah, it's like what the Rolling Stones lost in 1963. Real R&B. The Troublemakers are another up and coming Sacto power pop band that recently scored with The Groovie Ghoulies in April. **The show starts @ 9:00 and is 18 & over. Tix are $6 for 21 & over and $7 for under 21.**

Watch for **4 A.D.** band **His Name is Alive Thursday July 1st** and **Dutch Falconi Friday, July 2nd**. **Saturday, July 24th Kai Kln** returns to **The Crest Theatre** with an amazing bill featuring **Victim's Family**, **Up to Here** and **Mother Hips**. YIKES!

Well, that pretty much wraps up for May and June. There are still lots of holes. We're hopin' to have bands in every Monday as well as every Tuesday so please keep a lookout. By having bands six nights a week we accommodate more bands per month, give you more opportunity to see the fine acts that come through and also exist right here in Sactown and more importantly it gives us the chance to scratch that many more victory notches in our bowling balls.

I leave you now, but let me share with you these tidbits of advice to help you get through life. Stand with your shoulders at right angles to your target. Point your thumbs at 11 o'clock. Keep your wrist fairly firm and straight. Keep your elbow close to your hip. You are now ready to bowl strikes! But, of course, you're one of the Losers. In which case bowling'll flush you out in no time. Ah, What the hell. There can only be one number one, and that's us. There's the Winners and the Losers. We're the Winners. Everyone else is just gonna have to settle for a last-place tie.

-Homer Bleeder

FOR MORE SHOW INFORMATION CALL 454-CLUB

LOCAL BANDS: CALL 444-KLUB FOR CATTLE CLUB BOOKINGS

SOUL MOTOR

from the ashes

There is a legend in Egyptian mythology that tells of the Phoenix. Supposedly, the Phoenix was a great bird that lived in the desert for 500 years and then consumed itself by fire, only to rise out of the ashes later and renew itself.

A better analogy could not describe the history of **Soul Motor**, one of Sacramento's longest running rock-n-roll bands. Soul Motor evolved from the long time rock-n-roll band: **58 Fury**. While the line-up changes were minimal, and the musical direction basically remained the same, clearly something happened to this band. Let's start at the beginning, part II: Soul Motor.

The Future is Now:Soul Motor

The flyers plastered light poles all around downtown and midtown and I had seen them for weeks. "Soul Motor is coming," they read. At the time I had no idea what a Soul Motor was, but it sure as hell sounded interesting.

Eventually, the flyers were pasted over and the idea slipped from my head. It would be later that summer before I would again see the name and then, finally, the band. Pow.

Soul Motor. The name runs off my tongue, and I feel obliged to sneer a little when I say those two words. Todd P.'s Dictionary defines Soul Motor as: a machine which drives the spirit. I'm not sure that is what's intended by the name, and I didn't want to destroy any illusions I may have held so I didn't ask. But if, just if, that is what the band intended the name to mean, they couldn't have been any closer to the truth.

Musically speaking, they are a machine. Guitar gears turning the wheel of sound, grinding, meshing then grinding again. Loud, maybe like a Harley that shatters the serene suburban afternoon, but precision smooth.

It is this oiled instrumentation that describes their unmatched ability to straddle the Sacramento music scene with such efficacy. The fact that Soul Motor can one week headline the **Cattle Club**, another week play the Boardwalk, and then open at the Crest Theater (as they recently did for **White Zombie**) alludes to their musical prowess. An ability to bridge the Sacramento music scene like they do is a mechanical engineer's wet dream.

How does a band diversify like this? It isn't as if they play a different style for different clubs. Nope. Straight ahead rock, wherever you see them. You know, teeth grinding, hair pulling, just plain nasty rock. When last I saw them grace the stage of the Cattle Club, they were kind enough to cover **Black Sabbath**'s *Sweet Leaf*, as well as *Deuce*, by **Kiss**. Say whatever you must about the 70s, but this guitar heavy rock-n-roll gave way to much of the music most of us appreciate today. It's primal music. Rhythm layered funk and grunge is a recently acquired taste, and it is all too easy to ignore the bands that made it possible. But following this base route isn't easy these days. As musical genres splinter further than anyone imagined they could, how does a band like Soul Motor do it? Well, they had a lot of practice.

The Rise and Fall:58 Fury

"When people talk about South Sac bands," says Chris, guitar, "A lot of the same names always get tossed around. **Deftones**, **Phallucy**, **Crystal Sphere**, but no one mentions 58 Fury."

"Yeah," adds Ned, "We were so far south we were almost Elk Grove."

While they may have been missed as being one of the South Sac rock progenies, the music and history of 58 Fury is a chapter in Sacramento musical evolution.

Founded in 1984 by Chris Estes and Ned Hammad, this is probably Sacramento's longest running garage formation. But it didn't take them long to break the garage mold. After recording a couple of demos in '86 and '87, 58 Fury found themselves signed to **A&M Records** in 1987. Not bad for the boys from South Sacramento. But it wasn't without work. Two demos in a year's time, lots of playing, practice and learning the ropes can take its toll on a young band.

"We had a lot of help from Steve Clauseman," notes Ned. Clauseman, who also managed **City Kidd** (now **Tesla**), guided the band in these formative years and aided them with the A&M deal. Along with this came the gigging in L.A., playing around the state hoping for the national recognition that is the creme de la creme of getting signed to a major label and the other schmooz activities which are a necessary factor to success.

Eventually came the offer to record a song for a movie soundtrack, **Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure**. With this came the beginning of the end. The song that was selected for 58 Fury to record was a tune called "Boys & Girls Are Doing It." In the movie, the song which was eventually recorded by another band, can be heard in the background as Napoleon is riding down the waterslide. Parenthetically speaking, it was a weak, watered down popish tune that didn't really fit their musical style.

"The A&R (Artist & Repertoire) people didn't really understand what we wanted," laments Ned. Which isn't a surprising development in the history of music. The image of a musical representative groomed for success, trying to understand the drive of a bunch of young men from South Sac seems anomalous by nature.

One thing led to another. A suggestion was made to change the vocals, and in essence replace Darin, their singer. From a desk in downtown Los Angeles it may have seemed like a shrewd business deal, an attempt to make their sound more "marketable." But A&M or not, L.A. is still a long way from a garage in South Sac and this was too much.

"It was about this time," says Darin, "That we sat down and asked ourselves, 'What do these guys think we're doing?'" The aspirations for fame were being muted by the price of fame, and 58 Fury was not a pop band.

SOUL MOTOR: CHRIS , NED, RYAN, DARREN & "THE REAL" JOE

By late 1988, a year and a half after singing to the label, 58 Fury was back on their own. But not before getting a chance to record 3 songs at Fantasy Studios in Berkeley. The split with A&M was at least amiable, and they were back home in Sacramento.

The pressures that accompany the rise to fame are just as often felt among bands whose direction is lateral rather than vertical. But not so much for 58 Fury. The years following were good enough. Decent local recognition, gigs and fan support but still,...once you've had a taste, it's hard to go back. And 58 Fury was there, they grasped and then lost that which is sought by so many rising artists.

While the band concedes that the last couple months of 58 Fury were good, change was unstoppable. It was time for a new breath.

Out of the Ashes:Soul Motor

Darin Wood did the artwork for the cover of Soul Motor's new EP, **E Pluribus Oozum**. The black and white drawing utterly capsulizes the Soul Motor vs. 58 Fury history. It depicts a hand clawing out of the grave reaching for air set in front of a cemetery. The epitaph of the headstone over the grave reads: R.I.P. 58 Fury Born 1984 Died 1992.

Curious as to the difference between Soul Motor and 58 Fury, since the line-up is essentially the same, I asked what instigated the change and drew the boundaries between the bands.

"Basically," says Chris, "We got jazzed and tuned down from E to D."

"Actually, Soul Motor feels pretty much the same as the end of 58 Fury, even though people say we don't sound like it," adds Ned.

There are, of course, a few notable changes. Missing from the 58 Fury and early Soul Motor line-up is organist Virgil McKenzie. Ned explained that when the decision was made to switch names and renew themselves, McKenzie's interest waned. Eventually, McKenzie and the band amiably parted ways and he was not replaced. Soul Motor continued.

But the transition has not been easy. Many people do not realize that the once great 58 Fury is still in existence with their new tag. Music fans often have a tendency to associate by name; a seemingly popular band may change its title and suddenly find its fan support nonexistent. Which, given the number of cheesy two-bit bands springing up every week, is understandable. People generally go to support the bands they know and like.

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SACRED GROUNDS

IN PRAISE OF CAFFEINE

"So anyway, there's this assumption that there is such a thing as the 'real' people and the 'pretenders.' And the assumption is that there's something wrong with pretenders. The whole point for me is to create situations where you can pretend-like children do all the time."

-Brian Eno

Oi, and here I am, feeling like a coffee-haus dog, wanting to mention **Tiger Trap** and **Vomit Launch** in the first line and actually doing so without being too obvious about it. So far, so good, but what about in twenty years? **Neil Young** vs. the **Hesitation Twins**..."Sting me, stone me, bite me , bone me... I wanna know who stole the pony." Now *that's* political!

Bonghits For Everyone

"Oh mama, can this really be the end?"

Well little buddy, you better believe it is. All things must piss. Been thinking a lot about plastic, what with everyday being Earth Day every few weeks or so. Just wondering if plastic is so bad, why then don't they make it out of something else? (buh-dum-bum) Which reminds me of a great zen riddle, but that has nothing to do with the corporate takeover of **Java City**. (a bit redundant, I know) What's behind the disappearance of the refillable sugar jars. Perhaps **Richard Burton** took them. I mean, I understand the shameless art of self-promotion, especially in these tough "to-go" times, but those cute "We own the world" Java City sugar packets just seem too desperate. Would I get in trouble if I suggested that we, Das Peoples, should start mailing back our empty zückerbags to:

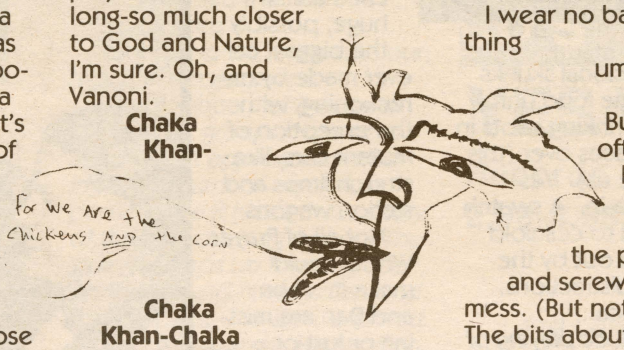
Java City
717 W. Del Paso Road
Sacto, CA 95834

I'm sure someone at the main office could figure out a creative way to re-fill or re-use the little bags. Oops, I'm ranting.

Bongo Solo

Vanoni. 20 years from now. Vanoni. I'll be sitting at the Plastic Spoon complaining about the music. Vanoni. Celeste will be off cutting ribbons at the grand opening of **Java Universe** in London, with the son's of **Far** providing the tunes. Vanoni. 20 years from now I'll have a beard, and I'll play chess all day long-so much closer to God and Nature, I'm sure. Oh, and Vanoni.

Chaka Khan-



Chaka Khan-Chaka Khan

Heather says I can't talk about the music at Der Spoon now that they've installed Muzak, but I say "Nay!," for tis such a sweet reason to scream out,

"Plastic spoons, plastic tunes and the downfall of all that we hold to be holy. Bring back my Bonnie to me!"

I wanna hear the rockin' vibrations of the TV personalities one last time. Not complaining, only suggesting that being lame is no excuse for being lame.

Now that Koresh is outta there, the worlds gonna be looking for a new guitar wavin', wife enslavin' cult hero. Applications now being accepted.

(a poem)
Twigs & twigs
I have no ankles
I wear no bangles upon my thing
um...

OK. I must be. But I don't think I often am. Deirdre-here's the clear part. Coming up now. Oh yeah, the parts about sex and screwing and making a mess. (But not the *Big* mess) The bits about cream and sugar and sticky fingertips and wooden stir sticks on the water, all on me. The melted wax on rubbered sponges, the milkey syllables, the tactile syntax and sweaty questions. The hardest parts and the soft suggestions. The spray and mount, the lick and learn etc. Ok Ok. Hope the kids are happy. Hope the main thrust of it all is made as blatant as permissible. Submissive? Taxation without copulation. And the sins of the world are worn on the mother's stained green apron.

Having done all this in the presence of genius and pain, the Kings and Queens of Caffeine being who they are, I leave you now. But, people, please understand. It is up to us to be the idiots of the future! We are the chickens *and* the corn.

-Antbar

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When a band suddenly changes names without explanation, they may find themselves playing to sparse audiences.

"It's frustrating," says Ryan Smith, the drummer and newest addition to Soul Motor, referring to the lack of recognition that Soul Motor has received since their elevation from the ashes of 58 Fury.

And it's also understandable. There was no fanfare about name changing, no announcement. Quietly 58 Fury died and the future of Soul Motor was born.

The transition may have been difficult, but it is not without its merit. Following Soul Motor were other developments, particularly the formation of **Pus Cavern** recording studio. Pus Cavern, which is run partially by bassist Joe Johnston, has recorded a variety of local acts, including the tracks for Soul Motor's tape as well as the material for their upcoming CD: **Songs from Pus Cavern**.

The CD, which is slated for release sometime this summer, contains a mixture of new and older material. Currently Soul Motor is in the process of finishing the tracks and will soon be mixing down the master tape. Then it will be put onto CD and available for the masses.

It would seem, especially to any musician trying to attract the attention of the majors, that 58 Fury had a good thing going. But if you've never had to compromise your music to appease the public, you probably do not understand the delicacies involved. To me, Sacramento seems a breeding ground of thick skinned musicians who are hell bent on doing it their own way. Soul Motor is no exception. Some rewards are just not worth the price. But now the fans are starting to congregate at their shows once again and the word is spreading. By many standards they were near the top before. Like the Phoenix, their reign was lengthy but they too were consumed by a different fire. No, this isn't 58 Fury. This is now Soul Motor: a machine which will drive your very essence.

-Todd P.

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DRINKIN' & DRIVE-IN

FALLING DOWN

This month's guest movie critics:
Prayer Wheel

I think that we're now far enough into the 90s to consider labeling this decade's generation. You know, like the 70's were the "Me Generation," and how initially the 80's were supposed to be the "Us Generation," but eventually became the "I'm Keeping it From *Them* Generation." And well, now here we are a chunk of the way into the 90's and I'm not sure but I think I've nailed it. I hereby declare the 90's ...the "Screen Generation."

The "Screen Generation."

That's the "Screen...OK, OK, its vague I know, but years from now, mark my words, we will be remembered as the generation that was mesmerized not by "ourselves" or our fears of "others" but by the "Screen." The T.V. screen, the computer screen, huge 70 mm theatre screens, handheld Gameboys. Screens, screens, screens. And you know what screens are? Filters, of course, sifting out large annoying debris to give us the tiny bits. Countless tiny bits. Life no longer flows. It flashes, and edits, and cuts, and scrolls. The generation that tried losing reality. Who could blame them? Of course, the most important of all screens to escape an inevitable 90's reality is sunscreen. But lets not get too preachy.

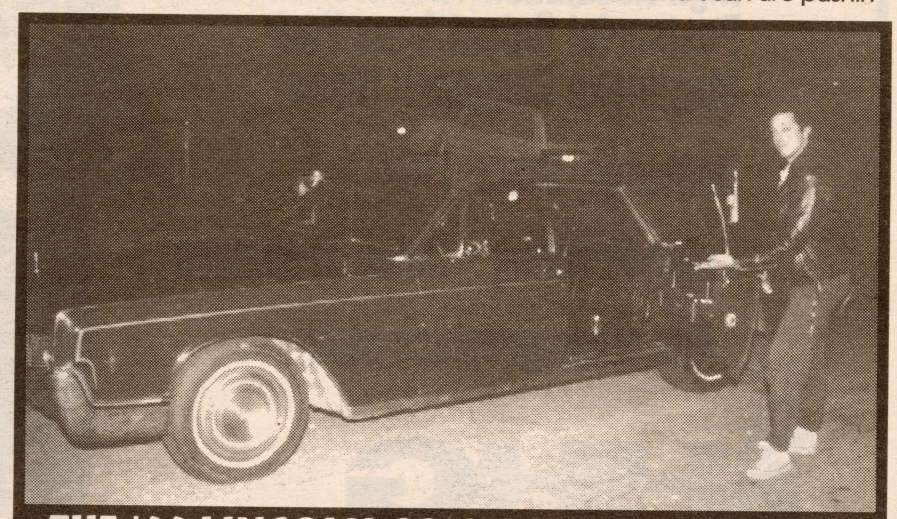
I follow this black train of thought to emphasize the importance of Drive-ins. Why? Cause drive-ins don't let you escape. That's the glory. Sure you got a big ol' screen poised against the horizon flashing make-believe 100 times larger than life, but you've also got helicopters, and freeway hum, late arriving headlights, occasional skunks and of course, the loud unruly bunch of beer drinking idiots in the car a few spaces over (this would usually be us). Yes indeed, the drive-in. A swatch of sky dedicated to celluloid fantasy balanced out by the proper array of distractions. God bless America!

[Bring up patriotic playing of trumpet. Pull back to see entire drive-in lot. Slowly gaze upward towards sky. Fade image to that of Cattle Club office. Bring music down. Flashback sequence. Two weeks ago.]

Truman lead vocalist of **Prayer Wheel** is sitting in my office ranting about how I'll never do a story on them. Sure I will, I insist. I like Prayer Wheel. I truly do. They're a great band. They've got this new sound or rather, they've got *all* the new sounds. On top of that they've got Eric Marais' rapid fire conga rhythms giving the music a completely cool original groove. You can't help but get into it.

And well, as people go– they're total pals. Truman and I bowl all the time. Eric's a great guy. Bassist Dan Montoya's a great guy. Norm, the band's guitarist, is a great guy. And I've known John Taylor before he ever joined and left **The Deftones** (oh...and he's a great guy). But I had told **Pivot** that I'd go see **CB4** with 'em. And I can't just blow Pivot off cuz I bowl with Truman.

"So... What if we buy the beer" asks Truman.



THE '66 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL: 3 IN THE FRONT, 4 IN THE BACK, & 5 IN THE TRUNK

[Silence. We both stop in midmotion. Linger on this image for cheap comedic impact. Cut to outdoors.]

Truman is loading beer into the trunk of official Cattle Club Soundguy Eric Bianchi's '66 Lincoln Continental (with suicide doors, oh yes!) We're off to the Sac-Six with Prayer Wheel. Now Eric's car is huge, possibly the biggest car ever made by my reckoning, with the exception of mutant cars, like stretch limos and station wagons.

Not all of Prayer Wheel could make it. John and Dan are missing or lost or somethin', but Jonah from **Far** and Sean from **99 Tales/*Rusty Nail Records*** tag along. Prayer Wheel is releasing a tape soon through Rusty Nail. They're hoping it'll be out by May. These guys are always hangin' out with one another. In fact, Jonah, Sean and Eric B. are regulars at Truman's Monday night ***Northern Exposure*** parties. They love the show. I myself, avoid the whole affair. They swear I'd love it, and that's what I'm afraid of. I don't need another show to like. I watch ***Star Trek*** and ***Seinfeld*** regularly. ***The Simpsons*** and ***SNL*** occasionally. And sometimes even ***Mad About You***. And folks, that's just too much screen for one person. I start to feel guilty and get restless like I'm in a cage if I watch that much TV.

We make a quick cheese and cracker stop at the downtown Safeway and then cruise out "50 East" to some as of yet undecided film.

Truman and Sean are pushin' for ***Indecent Proposal***. They figure Demi's gonna prance around nekkid for half the film. But I dunno. I doubt it. I think she'd rather save that stuff for magazine covers. She gets off being a grocery line exhibitionist.

Sean discovers ***Point of No Return*** is playing - "Oooohhh," he moans,"Bridget Fonda..."

"No way!" I insist . I loved ***La Femme Nikita*** but I'm not going to watch an exact remake. "Anyway," I explain to Sean, "the original had virtually no nudity, and that was French."

[SLow growing realization appears on Sean's face. Hold scene long enough for all to get joke. Cut to fluorescent lit parking area at Shell Station outside Sac -Six. View Lincoln from about fifty feet away as Eric B. pulls ice chest from trunk and throws it in back seat as Sean, Jonah and Truman gather around the back of the car. Cut to view of open trunk.]

Sean, Jonah and Truman somehow manage to smash themselves into the trunk. Some guy at a pay phone warns us that the Sac Six has these guys in the projection room with binoculars watching everyone who comes in. Yah, whatever. Just before we reach the pay point the idiots in the trunk start screaming. Eric B. and I are yellin "Shut Up!" Norm and Eric M. are yellin' "Shut Up!" And they won't stop screamin'. The guy at the pay point looks pretty big and humorless, so Eric turns on the radio real loud. **The Association** are singing "Windy." We pull up, pay, drive through. Cool!. We get to some film called ***Boiling Point*** - we don't even know what it is.

We open the trunk and the guys pile out. Truman tells us Sean ripped a stinker which was why they were screamin' and when "Windy" started playing he about died laughing.

[Irony. Big hand gestures for the word 'windy' make the joke more blatant]

Well, ***Boiling Point*** had already started, Wesley Snipes appears. That's a good sign. Hey! Dennis Hopper! Cool! And Lolita Davidovich, Hubba! After about 15 minutes we're bored. Who knows it might be a great film but we've no idea what's goin' on.

PRAYER WHEEL: ERIC, TRUMAN & NORM

We wander over to ***Indecent Proposal***. God. What a dog. Couldn't take more than 15 minutes of that either. We drag our ice-chest over to ***The Crush*** and catch the end. Even though we only saw the last 20 minutes the end was completely predictable.

We haul the ice chest over to our final destination. ***Falling Down***.

We're munchin' cheese and crackers, and drinkin' beers, when Truman and Jonah start screamin' "Maggie! Maggie!"

Up on the screen is a trailer for Stallone's upcoming film ***Cliffhanger*** and one of the stars is the female lead from ***Northern Exposure***. These guys are going wild. Everyone has a crush on Maggie, I guess.

Truman wonders if she'll do a nude scene.

"She's not doin' a nude scene." I say.

"Not even topless?"

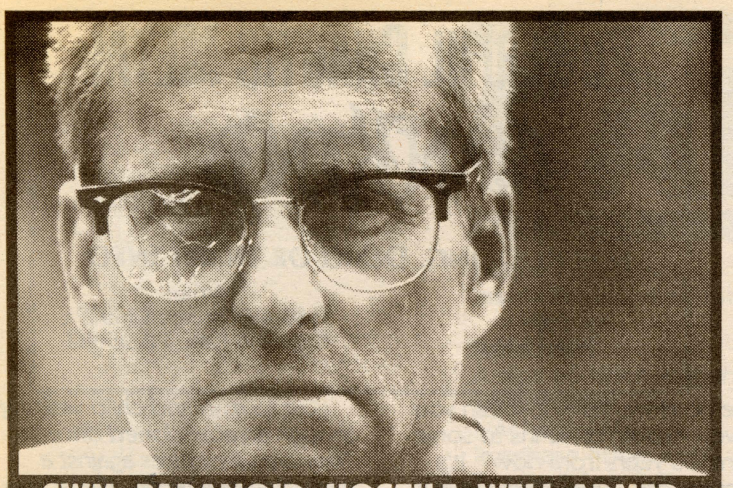
"Not in a Stallone film. Nobody ever gets naked in a Stallone film."

"Ten bucks says Maggie shows tittie."

"I'll take that bet. Cuz it ain't gonna happen."

"Yah, I'll take that bet too," sez Eric.

"Wait a second. Let's define tittie." I've gotta make sure that



SWM: PARANOID, HOSTILE, WELL ARMED. INTERESTS - LONG WALKS & RANDOM ACTS OF VIOLENCE. SEEKS WIFE IN L.A. AREA.

Truman's not gonna weasel us. "There's gotta be nipple. Not just cleavage."

"What about a wet t-shirt," sez Truman, back-pedaling.

"No, No." Yell Eric and I. "Anyway," says Eric, "that's the Sigourney Weaver Alien trick. It doesn't count."

"O.K. one tittie." Sez Truman.

"What? Two! Why one?"

"$5 each." Says Truman.

"Whatever. It's not gonna happen anyway. Its a God-damn mountain climbing film in the Himalayas or something. She's not gonna run around topless in the snow and ice."

"We'll see." sez Truman.

"Well if Stallone shows his butt Truman owes us $10 each." says Eric upping the *ante*.

Enough of that. ***Cliffhanger*** looks to be a drive-in must see. But Maggie *ain't* getting naked.

Falling Down is a strange film. I've seen it twice now and I'm still at a loss. Is it a message film? If it is, it has failed. Basically the film is about a guy named Bill played by Michael Douglas, who's a white collar, white guy who apparently snaps while stuck in an L.A. traffic jam. He gets out of his car and does what any frustrated white collar, white guy would do. He destroys a Korean grocery store, beats up a Hispanic gang, shoots up a fast food restaurant and a pay-phone, kills a Nazi, blows up some construction site, gives an old golfer a heart attack and then tries killing his ex-wife and daughter.

Needless to say, this film bothers me. I think maybe the film is trying to say something but, what? Is it saying that the white L.A. male feels helpless and these are the things he would lash out at? Well, the points where he crosses the line are very contrived - so much so that they make the incidents look more like arbitrary encounters than some deep rooted hatred. But if that was the case why was he so incredibly confrontational with them. He's basically a white guy who wants what he wants, and wants it now. As the movie progresses you start to realize this guy didn't snap in traffic, he snapped some-time well before that. So, then, now what's the point of the film? He's crazy? Well that's kind of a cop out isn't it? At this point the film can have no message except crazy people do crazy things.

Ya want to see a great film about snapping in a urban cultural melting pot watch ***Do The Right Thing*** again. At least Spike Lee lets ya see it from all sides as it's happening. This is just a crazy white guy creating mayhem under the guise of a being the victim. This is one confused, ugly film. Don't get me wrong - I'm not looking for reality - Hell, Spike's films always look completely abstract. But at least there's a twisted kind of logic behind the series of events that happen. ***Falling Down***? Close, but missing the mark with a film like this results in presenting embarrassing racial and cultural stereotypes, not to make a point but, as embarrassing racial and cultural stereotypes.

Too bad Prayer Wheel's bassist Dan isn't here. Dan is this brawny lookin' guy who is always tellin' us these stories about growin' up in East L.A. It's great. No matter what kind of hard-knock story you tell Dan - he can top it, and Dan, during a movie like this, would be having a field day pointing out everything wrong with every gangland character. Stuff like "Ah, no way that guy would've run. He woulda stabbed that guy right in the face." But ya don't need Dan's expertise to point out the flaws that exist on about every level in this movie.

Well, whatever , we're at the drive-in and we've got distractions - most notably our beer and crackers. We're about halfway through the film when Eric M. spills his beer for about the 5th time. What the Hell! Everyone's getting restless. This is the 4th or 5th screen we've been to, and its getting pretty cold.

"What's over at that screen," asks Norm.

"***Home Alone 2***," I answer, "the longest running drive-in film of all time."

"Why don't we see that?"

"Did you see the first one?"

"Yah, I liked it."

"Ohhh...Norm," we shake our heads in hopelessness..

[Flash! A beam of light cuts though our group. It bounces around as it approaches creating an element of mock suspense while it hides the identity of the approaching person. The stranger steps up to the group on the mound huddled around the ice chest. The light is turned off and the stranger is a woman. Slow pan of the cautious observation on our faces.]

She works here at the drive-in, maybe she's one of the binocular people we were warned about, then again we did carry an ice-chest from screen to screen. Ya can't be much more blatant about breakin' the rules than that.

"Where's your car?" she asks.

DRINKIN & DRIVE-IN

Continues on page 10

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Sean Schroeder:
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Claim to fame:
Being called a stuck up grunge band by Fungo Mungo
Favorite record at age 12:
"Wild In The Streets"
The Circle Jerks
Favorite Instrument:
Vince's Les Paul
Favorite Studio:
Enharmonik;
because
I like to keep my feet clean.

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DRINKIN & DRIVE-IN
Cont. from page 9

"Um...We didn't like the movie we were at."

"Well, you're not supposed to do that."

"Yah, but we're reviewing this film."

"Heeey...Are you those guys that always get drunk and say horrible things about us?"

Yikes! She knows who we are, but she's got it all wrong. I love the drive-in. I just hate the movies. I try to lighten the situation.

"So what's your name?"

"Wendy."

[Quick cut close-ups of all of us doing the always funny double-takes. Punch the irony with the big hand gestures for "Windy"]

"So how many people did you sneak-in in the trunk this time?"

Damn, she's got us nailed.

"None, we had the ice chest back there."

"Uh-Huh."

I explain to her that we really do love the drive-in. I see more films at the drive-in than any other way, lately. She then tells me about some of the hardships that drive-ins in the area are facing lately and how Sac-Six may be the only one left after a while, and even they're hurting. What a drag. I'm feeling pretty guilty about the trunk thing. Oh, well, Wendy is cool she lets us stay to review the film. She even offers us some passes, but I already feel bad enough so we didn't pursue that.

After Wendy leaves, Sean and Jonah get cold and go sit in the car. Norm confesses to having seen ***The Bodyguard*** and liking it. Then, he too starts complainin' bout the cold and joins 'em in the car. Good riddance, I say. Eventually the movie ends. And we start cleaning up our mess. Eric B. finds another half-full beer. It's Sean's. We know this because every time we packed up to move to another screen we'd find a half-full beer and through the process of elimination we deduced them to be Sean's every time. By now we instantly assign all half-full beers to Sean. Man, I don't think we'll let him come anymore. He doesn't finish his beers and he sits in the car.

The rest of us climb into Eric's mondo-cruiser and head for home.

[Slow elevating view of car driving away. Drive-in marquee moves into fore ground as the car moves further into the distance. Cut to passengers window and reflection of marquee getting smaller-SYMBOLISM - I have a serious look on my face as I stare out window.]

I'm kinda bummin'. I wonder if drive-ins will survive the 90's. The stuff Wendy told us only reaffirmed my "Screen Generation" fears. Drive-ins offer too many distractions, too many ways to entertain yourself. And no one wants to do that. They all want to live vicariously through screens. At theatres, in offices, living rooms, supermarkets, bars. They'd rather watch **MTV** than see bands like Prayer Wheel live in a club. Don't talk, don't think, just watch. Life in the 90's is a cab*e*rave old chum. Sit back, be entertained, ignore reality.....and then the Nazi's march in.

O.K. I digress, but damn that ***Falling Down*** film is ultimately depressing, mostly cuz it's so wrong, even as pure fiction. Life isn't like that and yet it's close enough to fool quite a few people into accepting that it is, especially the ones who watch it on the *other* screens, without distractions to dilute the manipulation. No truths to challenge the lies. So, of course drive-ins are dying. The fantasy isn't straight, too much static, bad connection, reality slips in like impurities through a faulty screen. And folks, who wants that?

Well...I do! How can there be no drive-ins - How can you even explain drive-ins to someone 30 years from now? It's impossible. They'll just chalk it up to another example of the "Screen Generation's" short sightedness.

I can imagine myself explaining them to my son years from now. I'll tell him about the bad speakers, and the cold and the snack bar announcements in the middle of crucial dialogue and then "Best of all..." I'll say, as a final relevant bit of nostalgia, "They were at night! You didn't even have to wear sunscreen!"

[Cut to man and child walking though an abandoned drive-in. They are silhouettes against a menacing orange sky. Get sun in scene for ultimate manipulation.]

People in the 90's like manipulation.

–Jerry Perry

Prayer Wheel will be performing with Mark Curry at the Cattle Club Friday, June 18th.

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That was the last I ever saw of that mother fucker. When he took off that night all he left me was this slip of paper and the message "KISS MY ASS, BOB" spelled out in empty shot glasses in the DJ booth.

Well, that's OK, Yudt. You had your fun. But keep in mind this little known story of the last chump who tried to stiff me. His name was Hoffa. Maybe you heard of him. It was back in the early '70's and he pulled the same wise-guy routine as you, Dennis. "Got a new job, Bob. Gonna be rollin' in dough in a couple a weeks, Bob." Then out the door, the one finger wave, and "So long, sucker." Or so he thought.

The next time I run into him I make like I couldn't care less about the whole bar tab thing. "Water under the bridge," I say. "Stop by the bar, I'll buy you a drink." Unlike any drink he ever got from me before. Hoffa actually buys my act. A few nights later he stops by "The Midnight Riveter" and plops himself down at the bar. "Hey, Jim," I say,"Try this new drink I'm workin' on. It's a shooter. You gotta drink it all at once." He slams it down and then gets this real twisted expression on his face. "What the hell *was* that?" he stammered. "I call it arsenic and Old Crow. Whataya think ?". I guess he didn't have much of an opinion one way or the other cuz he just gets this kinda glazed look and starts babbling some crap about unions. After a couple a minutes the son of a bitch is workin' on a new union. With his face and the floor that is. After an hour or two I realize he ain't gettin' up *ever*. Shit. I guess the 50/50 bourbon/arsenic recipe wasn't quite right. Oh, well, into the trunk he goes. A quick drive to Lake Michigan and some divin' lessons and it's all over.

Well, Dennis, you think about that little story. And if you ever want to help me perfect the drink that got Hoffa, just stop by the Cattle Club. And don't worry about payin'. I'll put it on your tab.

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CAR CORNER

Name: Pete Husing
Instrument: Guitar, tuba, whatever
Band: Gün
Auto: '65 Nova Wagon
Engine Size: 307
Mechanic: Me
Purchase Price: $600
Resale Price: $40
Advantages: Don't have to work on it. Don't have to buy gas and oil.
Disadvantages: Doesn't run at all, and doors don't close.
Stereo: Broken due to impact.
Tape Collection: Some were broken while others ended up in the street.
Contents of glove box: More broken stuff, tapes, cases, a can of mace with a large dent in it and some hair and skin from Dennis' knee.
Story of car: One day last summer I had just gotten back from mountain biking in the foothills and had plans to practice with **Gün**. So I drove to Dennis' house to pick him up. When I arrived I honked the horn a couple of times to summon him. He soon hopped in and we were on our way.

We headed east on S Street. I remember we were talking about some CD's that I had just returned to him. We were coming to 18th Street and I noticed a 1 ton Dodge flatbed truck in the turn lane. Our speed was right around 30mph. Our friend in the truck decided to pull right in front of us resulting in an immediate oomph.

I remember yelling "hold on," while we impacted. Next, I looked over at Dennis who was in some crazy upside down position. I asked "Hey, are you all right?"

He only replied "Oh, this is not good. This is very bad."

By the time I took a closer look, I saw his inverted knee, and a big flat spot on his forehead from the windshield and various nice four and five staple gashes. I tried to get the door open but it was stuck so some guy came over to yank them open. When I stood up I found that my knee was bashed pretty good. The paramedics and firemen were there almost immediately. They stuck Dennis with an IV and started in the heart punch, just like on ***Emergency***. After about five minutes of the heart punch, they gave up and covered him with a blanket. Luckily, Bishop Francis Quinn happened to be on hand to perform last rites on Dennis.

Well, finally after a few months without a car, the jerks from the insurance co. gave me a check for $1700. Thanks Mr Mitchellmore. You want a ride in my new car some time? Boy, am I glad that's over. Oh yeah, I almost forgot, too bad about Dennis, huh?

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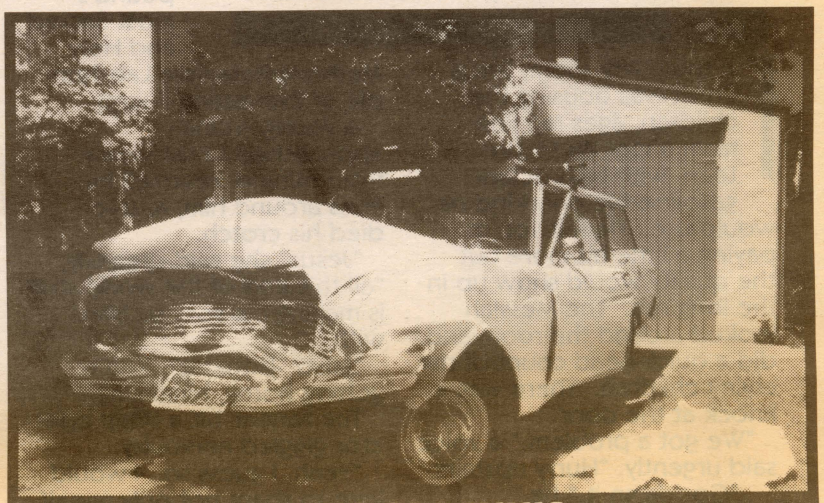

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DEAR JESUS

by the master bastard

In the utility room, Jesus Christ was dousing the children, ages ranging from 6 months to pre-teen, with high octane gasoline-the only kind *he* would use. He felt you're paying a little bit more but the quality would show up in the long run. The Messiah looked around the room and did a quick head count of the crying children. There was a knock at the door.

"We got a problem," a voice said urgently. "Hurry upstairs."

"Goddamn it," he screamed, ripping the gas mask off his face, "I'm really getting sick and tired of this fucking incompetence! How hard is it to get this goddamn ball rolling! I cannot believe that this fucking apocalypse is such a pain in the ass!"

"Well, " said an inbred follower with his lone brow raised in anxiety, "none of us, uh, has ever, uh, done this before, you know?"

"Why you good for nothing sister fucker..." Christ said as he pulled out a chrome 9 mm West German Nottlinger "Bonn Special", held it to the stunned apostle's temple and muttered, "One way ticket, second class aisle seat to the Promised Land... please put your brains in an upright position..."

The splatter made an ersatz **Jackson Pollock**, the blood-red blood contrasting nicely with the off-white walls.

Jesus pulled a pack of Kool 100 Ultralights out of his shirt pocket, lit one with a camouflage Zippo, and took a couple of long, hard drags. He paced the room, glaring at the cow-like glances from the four or five people standing around. They didn't seem bothered by the corpse sprawled out a few feet away. They were just confused and waiting for more revelations and instructions. He took a look out the window and saw two tanks, a row of Texas Rangers and the barest hint of a sniper's rifle peeking out from behind the compound's Most Sacred and Holy Methamphetamine Lab/Temple of Everlasting Energy.

A young woman approached Christ slowly from behind, reached her arms around him, and fondled his crotch.

"Jesus" she said dreamily, "all this end of the world stuff is making me so... so filled with..."

"Lust? Is that it? You're getting horny, hmmmm?"

The former Tilt-a-Whirl operator giggled nervously.

"Yeah, I guess so. I would love to share not only myself, but my daughter with you, my Lord."

"Is she cute, huh? How old is she?" Christ asked, lighting another Kool and killing the pack.

"Why she is a woman of eleven, an unspoiled flower as a gift to you. As pure and untainted as yourself!"

"Hmmm, a pre-pube, huh? And, uh, what's your name again. I'm real bad with names. Some damn crazy thing, huh?"

"Well, my real name is Candi Ann and my daughter is Harley."

"No, no, no! The holy names I gave you!"

"You named me Sister Aqualung of the Entrees and my daughter is Sister Oblique Trinkets of Bethlehem"

"Sounds like I was kicking back some Jack that day," he laughed. "Tell you what...alright, you're now, uh, Sister...uh, Palsy, yeah, Sister Palsy of...Centigrade. Yeah. And your kid is now, uh, Sister Nauseous Corvette of the, uh, seventh, no, the...47th holy th...things, no, not things, but gullies...ditches...cavities...uh, 47 holy...o.k., forget the 47 part, the umm...holy ...holy...holy memos! Yeah, that's it! Sister Nauseous Corvette of the Holy Memos!"

Jesus looked out the window.

"This is one helluva donut break for those clowns. They can all kiss my holy white ass! Lemme tell you something, Sister Palsy, it ain't easy being a Messiah nowadays. The overhead of the Chosen One is just incredible! Feed the followers, print more religious tracts every time I hallucinate, the guns and ammo...of course I could make a pile of fifty dollar bills out of some asswipe if I wanted to, but hey, I ain't no fucking Doug Henning... I'm Jesus Fucking Christ goddamn it!"

He had the look of a man possessed. He was breathing hard and veins bulged out of his forehead and neck.

"Sister Palsy, go into the utility room and get that piece of sweet ass daughter of yours and scrub that gasoline smell off of her. I don't care if you have to skin her, but I swear, if I smell super unleaded on her...there's goin' to be hell to pay...oh yeah, uh, if you see Brother Scurvy of the Sacred Marsupial, tell him to get everyone on stand-by. Mr. Shit, meet Mr. Fan. Yep, it's almost showtime! Let's rock and roll!"

And deep in the background somewhere, someone is playing the **Beatles**, *'Helter Skelter'* while Jesus Christ stripped naked, laid on his waterbed and fucked two believers like a goddamn beast.

Lines to say to panhandlers

1. "Fuck you, you sad piece of shit.."

2. "Sure! Can you break a hundred?"

3. When asked for change, "I'm a Republican. I don't believe in change.

4. "Hey! You're the man who killed my father! I've finally found you!"

6. Don't give them the chance to ask, ask them first!

5. "Maybe if you did a little dance."

7. "Senor, no comprendre Ingles."

8. "I'm sorry, but did you just ask me to punch you in the face as hard as I can?

9. "I don't have any change, but one of my other personalities might."

10. "Sure, I'm a billionaire! Just wait here and I'll go to my limo and write you a check for...uh, is a million dollars enough?

Letters:

Hey M.B.!

What's your favorite record of all time?

Kevin the long-haired, flannel wearing high school senior guy, Citrus Heights.

P.S. Do you like Peter Murphy?

Dear Kevin,

Normally, I wouldn't respond to letters that come from that pile of shit town where your mama lays her eggs, but, since this is mega-ego stroke to show off my awesome record collection, I will answer your letter, so feel lucky, mall-boy.

The record would have to be *'Bob Crane's Greatest Hits'*, an album that showed up on my doorstep. The only clue as to it's origin was a postmark from Brazil. It came in a plain white sleeve with the 'album title' scrawled on front with magic marker. No other info. So I popped it on the stereo and ye gods! It's the sound of **Bob Crane** being beaten to death with what was later identified as a camera tripod. Almost 40 minutes long, in really good stereo (you can follow what side of the room he's running to) and both sides are filled to the gills with pleading, crying and begging of the lovable "Colonel Hogan" as he is pummeled, bludgeoned and assaulted. Favorite line: "Smells like 'Superdad' soiled his panties." Uh-doing! Hey, if the same person who sent that album to me is reading this, do you think you could line me up with a Mama Cass versus the Cheese Sandwich on vinyl? Like **Brandon Lee** said "Oh, shit, my head hurts!" (Personally, I think that young Brandon fell victim to 'The Vibrating Palm of Death', the same method used to send his dad, **Bruce 'Enter the Dragon' Lee** to the cleaners.)

As to your second question...it brings us to **Peter *"Strained Bananas"* Murphy**. So completely talentless that when he sang, (as opposed to all the whining, limping about and general wimpishness) I thought the faux-Brit-fatso-Live105 dance pussy in front of me was breaking an inordinate amount of wind until I figured out that a) the sickly mew sound that I thought had origins in the bowels of the fat/pud/zit/machine in front of me was actually occurring whenever Murphy opened his "man-hole" and b) Depeché Orca in front of me just naturally smelt like a Port-a-Potty.

But, how anyone could have succeeded being worse than the opening band still blows my synapses to this day, minute and second. I forgot what they were called, something like **Book or House or Grubs or Pee or Whatever of Love**, but anyways, I was so stunned by the wretchedness that I slapped the slob-waver in his 99 Cent Store haircut (style #177: the "Really Sensitive Boy") and he started blubbering like a true Peter Murphy fan/dance pussy. Thank Koresh I didn't have to pay one cent to see the show! Summary: "Limber" Peter Murphy is a tweeky-deeky little gumby in a body stocking and hydraulic cheekbone pumps whose mere presence is asking for all androgenous adolescent boys to strip down to their ankle socks and be "Roman".

Dear Master Bastard:

How are you? This letter took a lot of courage for me to write. I think that you are an interesting person and I would like to get together to talk. My name is Justine and I am 19 years old and I just moved here from a small village in Vermont called Clairmont. There's only about 700 people in our village. I got into good music from an older sister who was a d.j. at Bennington College in Montpelier and she would send me back the best tapes. I am really into the **Sun City Girls, Caroliner Rainbow, Handful of Dust, Merzbow, Jandek** and a lot of the stuff you play. All my records are at home and I only brought along a couple tapes, like **Royal Trux** and some **Dead C.**

Being from a small town and then moving to a big city like Sacto takes a lot of getting used to. I've been in town for two months and still haven't made a single friend yet. It seems like some of the girls around here don't like me. They say that I'm an **Uma Thurman** clone and accuse me of emulating her style, yet I didn't even know who she was! Just recently, I've seen a couple of

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY

Amy Lehman
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pictures of her and it is weird how much we look alike, but, I'm not trying to copy anyone.

Anyways, if it's not too much to ask, I was wondering if we could meet somewhere for coffee, or something. Even just exchanging numbers would be cool with me. I know you must be pretty busy with all your projects, (I really want to see **Gün**! When's the next show?) but maybe we could hook up somewhere. Sound good?

I heard somewhere that you have in interest in Psychology and behavioral sciences. If that's true, then we will have a lot to talk about, because that's my major. (At Davis in the Fall) Specifically, I am going to study deviant sexual behavior, because it sounds like such an interesting subject. I guess thats kind of weird, considering that I have never had a boyfriend or really gone out much at all.

I hope that I haven't bothered you too much. I would just like to meet you and talk.

My phone number is 447-xxxx and my address in on the back of the photo I enclosed. Thanks and I hope to see you soon...

Your friend,
Justine

Dear Justine,

Thanks for the nice letter. However, and I will be blunt, I am an extremely busy person and I cannot see anytime in the near future to invest the energy to make new friends.

You sound like a bright young lady with the potential for a great future. And pay no attention to those immature girls and the things they say. I know how it is. I get called Peter Murphy a lot, especially when the back of my pants rip or I purse my lips and pout.

If you weren't as shy, you would discover that Sacramento is a lively town with an interesting and diverse population. Did you know that Sacramento has the highest serial murder rate around. Fascinating, isn't it?

Companionship will eventually find you, but if not there are some male escort services (read: male prostitutes) or in-home physical therapist (read: male prostitutes) that are at your service 24 hours a day.

Inside, I sent you an autographed photo of me having sexual intercourse with **Juliana Hatfield** along with an order form for my new book, *'You Are One Lousy Piece of Shit, Mom!'*, a collection of my syndicated 'Dear Jesus' columns from 1988 to 1992 along with some commissioned pieces from periodicals and journals, like 'Tall Lactating Transsexuals International', a humor column in **Emergency Room Trauma Care Weekly**, the **New Hampshire Journal of Redundance, Needlessly Repeated Items and Redundantly Repeated Items** and other ones you might have heard of. And if you buy a book I'll send you the new Gün double-record, *"National Anthems from Countries That No Longer Exist Because of a Bloody Coup"* or our first l.p. , *'National Anthems from Countries That No Longer Exist Because of Annexing'*.

Well, that's about all the time I can afford to take with a complete stranger. It's been very civil, so keep on keeping on.

Hey Bastard!

You know, you are ONE CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER! I just wanted to tell you that, dude. I also enclosed a demo tape and promo sheet of my band, called Insane Mind. People say Chili Peppers meets Metallica, but the recording is kind of shitty. We KICK SERIOUS ASS LIVE, DUDE! Come on down and check us out. We're going play a major kegger in North Highlands that should be an ASSKICKER! So, if you could review our tape in Alive and Kickin', the band will show you what the words "party hard" REALLY mean! On the flip side, I stuck some live **Porno for Pyros** from the **Lollapalooza** tour and dude, iT ROCKS SO HARD! Are you going this year? I heard it was going to be the MAJOR RAGER, DUDE! Hope you don't have to work!

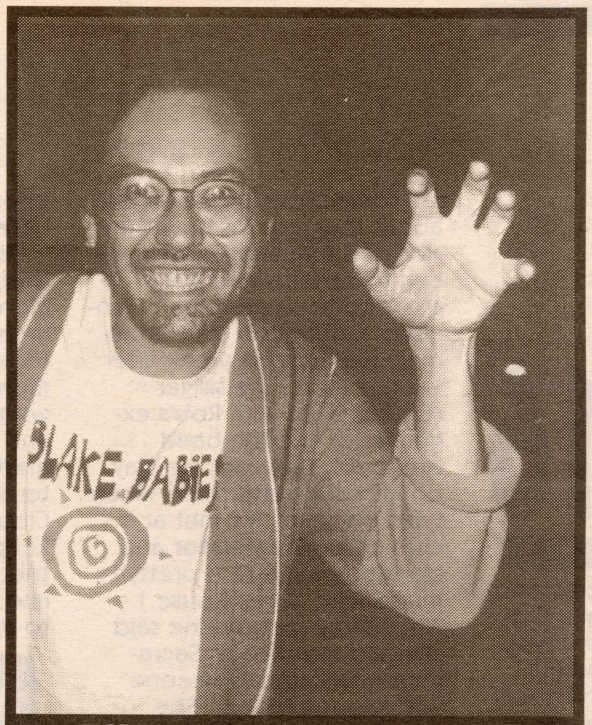
Hope you like the tape and we'll all party hard real soon bro'.

SEE YA IN THE MOSH PIT '93!

Mike 'the Sponge' Norge
North Highlands

Dear Sponge,

1. Well, well, Mr. Luck Guesser, I did indeed fuck your mother, a few times in a row as a matter of fact, and then I used her as an ashtray to test my brand new Louisville Slugger. And then I proceeded to perform some routine surgical procedures that I was a little rusty doing. So, how does your mom like her new artificial anus. She musta liked it o.k. because she invited me back next Tuesday and I guess that rally does make me a crazy motherfucker.



THE MASTER BASTARD DEMONSTRATES THE VIBRATING PALM OF DEATH.

2. "Insane Mind" Review: You guys have some Canadian in you, don'tcha. This is music to 'backpack' to, and I don't mean hiking. If I wanted to hear a bunch of suburban boys "get down 'n' dirty," well, I guess that I would immediately check into the nearest sanitarium, go straight to the shock therapy room, strap on the ol' electro-fedora and get whomped by 50,000 fists of 'lectricity to pummel my head pudding until that thought has totally left my head, even if that meant eradicating my entire past.

3. I didn't listen to one minute of side two, much less one minute of side one before I punched el rejecto and sent at least a quarter mile of that good quality metal tape littering the side of I-80. Kind of weird how it all turns so jokey so fast.

4. Perry Farrell is a walking butt magnet and is basically the American Peter Murphy.

5. Fuck stadium rock.

6. Just because I have nothing more constructive to do, I called up a bunch of my buddies and we're all going to come over and kick your ass just because we can and we'll be laughing the whole time. Wow, it must suck being a living, breathing and walking dickwipe.

For my day job, I work at a magazine store. I must admit it's a really great job. Pretty posh. A couple of days ago a guy walks into the store and says, "I wish I had a job where I could sit around and read all day." So I suggest he try the library, because I heard they have a few openings.

Best "Piece of Psycho-babble from an Insane Street-person in 1993" Award- "I'm dancing on crab-fed crayons!" I shat you not.

This one's been a real doozy and congrats for getting this far. I will be on a regular writing schedule from here on in so, don't get too comfortable. As far as me d.j.ing at the ol' Cattle Club, well, it's time to hang up the booze-cups and mosey on out. I'm asked why I quit. Well, review the different rumors going on and you decide for yourself.

1) Jerry dropped the clause in my contract that stated "...whereupon completion of the show, the aforementioned business is required to provide Mr. Bastard two (2) women no younger than 18 and no older than 23 and promptly delivered to the 'Winona Ryder Suite' to oblige Mr. Bastard's very specific religious rituals requiring blood sacrifices to give him everlasting life and a rapier wit...'

2) Maitré Dave and those goddamn mushrooms.

3) During the Sammies, I was also scheduled to talk for ten minutes but something went horribly wrong and I had to make do dancing with Eric Bianchi. Well you know how people talk,... so I'm leaving town.

4) Unreciprocated love from Lincoln.

5) The infamous "naked show" on February 1st of this year. The band '**Flat Psycho Sponges**' tour bus broke down in Chico after the doors had been open and sold the show out to a crowd that had a real bad element. In this situation, a canceled show is an open invitation to tear a club apart. Seen it happen before. I'm not sure who exactly came up with the idea, either Jerry or Brian, but it involved me doing a 'peek-a-boo' number using a large oriental umbrella. I begrudgingly did it, but only in the best interest of the club. And no sooner do I climb up on stage in my thong underwear, when all of a sudden, six or seven drunk sailors from the **U.S.S. Lexington** stumble on stage just to ruin everything. One sailor grabs me and said to the crowd, "Hey, who here wants to watch this guy gives us sailors a scalp and shoulder massage!" The crowd went ape shit, and I'm thinking, "I'm outta here." But the crowd, won't let me. Next, all the sailors are chanting, "Full body massage, full body massage," and it's crazy everywhere. Suddenly, I found myself fighting a couple sailors from taking off my thong underwear. Then they started massaging each other and the cops came. Anyways, I am undergoing therapy for my recently formed fear of nightclubs.

6) Jerry and Brian shot down my idea for Tuesday nights being Gregorian chant night and having **Bishop Quinn** do some spinning, then me for a while and then we would close the night on a power mix. Communion wine for "a dollar a shot" and it can't go wrong. So Quinn and I thought. No dice. Fine. Hey Cattle Club, Quinn and I both say "Go to hell!

7) All that loud noise! Can't even hear yourself think sometimes!

8) Rumors of me 'being easy' circulated and basically ruined my reputation in town as a top calibre disk jockey. Yeah, it's a dog eat dog business, but damn it, when they start dragging your personal life into it, you have to put your foot down and say "enough is enough." I just have to face the facts: I guess I'm never working in this town again.

9) The death rumors are true... he died after being administered heroin by his friend, **Axl Rose**.

10) Alheizmer's disease wiping out my memory of what the good songs were and the continuously shaking hands made cueing up records a real bitch. Accidentally played **Rosemary Cloonie** album during the **Melvins** show, thinking "That's what the kids really want to hear." It was the last straw for Jerry who put me in a nursing home for old and sick d.j.'s. But I lucked out and got a bed next to **Big Jim Hall**.

No more. Write. Bye.

FOR MORE SHOW INFORMATION CALL 454-CLUB

SACTO

part one of a new serial saga by Zach

95816

Hey everyone, you don't know me yet. I just moved to Sacramento two months ago. My name is Zach and I am so new to the area that SMUD considers me a "credit risk." How I came to Sacramento is your typical "lost soul" story, but I'll get to that in a minute. I live for my music and that left me spending a lot of time at the **Cattle Club**. There I met Todd P.,one of the editors of **Alive & Kicking**, and he told me that he thought it would be interesting to read about a stranger's perceptions of the Sacramento music scene. I told him I would like to write a regular journal of my musical experience, so here I am; Installment Number One.

How I Came to Sacramento

I grew up in Salt Lake City (yes I was LDS). When I was nineteen, I told my parents (Dick & Susan) I wasn't going on my mission. They were upset. Six months later I stopped going to church and Dick & Susan started charging me rent. So I moved with two friends (Cathy & Ric) to New Orleans. It was cool, but I was only twenty and living in New Orleans under-age...well, it sucked. I met these guys (Frank, Bill, Mike) who were moving to Seattle and I decided to check it out with them. They hated it and moved back a month later, but I met these other guys (Rob, Lance, Eddie) who were looking for a bassist for their band. They told me I could sleep on the couch and they would teach me some chords. That lasted about four months until they decided that Seattle was getting too trendy and they decided to move to San Francisco, where Rob (the drummer) was from. A week after we got there, the singer (Eddie) slept with Rob's ex-girlfriend, and the band broke up. Lance let me stay on his couch and that's when I met Summer. We met at a club called **Terminator** and started going out. (I pretty much lived at her house.) After three months she said she had to move to Sacramento because "someone" was looking for her. She asked me to go with her. It was expensive in San Francisco, and the job I had couldn't even pay the rent, so to Sacramento I came.

We had been here a month when Summer told me that she was a lesbian (which actually explained a lot of things) and that I had to move out. I had a job at a midtown cafe and my boss was very cool and lent me my security deposit so that I could get...drum roll please...a place of my own. I have a studio about ten blocks from work, no car, no girlfriend, and I still can't afford the deposit to get a phone. I feel right at home here in Sacramento.

Before I came to Sac, I bought the bass from Lance, along with a little practice amp. I still play and I'm hoping to find a band here in Sacramento. I've been practicing with a few different people, and we're thinking that maybe we can get it together to do a show at the Cattle Club. Anyway, we'll see. I'll keep you up on the trials and tribulations of joining a band and heading down the road to musical success, cause that's what I'm going to do. I just have to practice a lot more first.

Before I go, let me share my first impressions of Sacramento with you: **1**) Everyone here worked for Tower. **2**) Most homeless people are friendly. **3**) Way too many people with long hair (I shaved my head three years ago). **4)** College guys all dress like gay men. **5**) Cool diverse music scene. **6)** Lots of trees.
'Til next time...

Zach

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THE MUSTARD SEED SCHOOL
AND THE CATTLE CLUB THANK ALL THE BANDS
THAT PARTICIPATED IN THE K-TEL SMASH HITS FUNDRAISER

Thirty-two Sacramento bands joined forces at the Cattle Club Sunday, March 28th to help raise money for a local non-profit organization. The event was an all day celebration of the infamous **K-Tel Records** featuring local musicians performing dozens of songs from that era to benefit **The Mustard Seed School.**

The Mustard Seed School is part of Sacramento's **Loaves & Fishes**, an organization that helps to aid the homeless. The school is designed to keep children of homeless families in an educational atmosphere while some kind of housing is arranged for the family. The operation survives purely from donations.

It is because of the Mustard Seed's dedication to education that we at The Cattle Club feel so strongly about giving them support, but there is no way this event could've happened without the generosity and enthusiasm of the participating bands. Jason, vocalist from Filibuster, commented at one point that he thought this was one of the most important local music events ever in Sacramento. Not just because of the goal, but also because it challenged bands to think about doing music most had never considered doing. Now many of the bands have actually added some of these K-tel songs to their playlist (God help us!)

Like last year's KZAP Death Party (featuring 21 bands performing classic rock songs to raise over $2000. for the Mustard Seed School), SMASH HITS! was also a huge success. The cooperation from the bands and the support from the audience kept the show moving along right on schedule and by the end of the night we'd raised $2020.00 for the school.

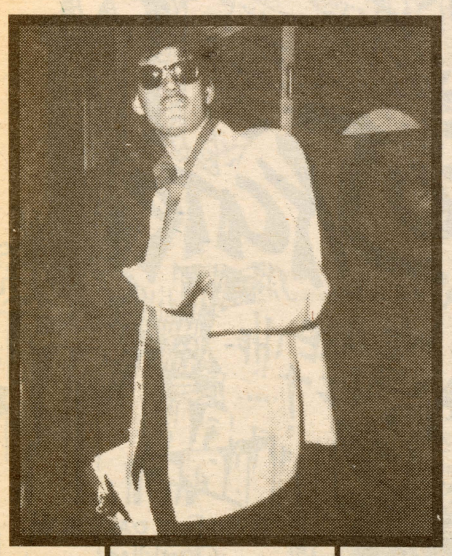
It was definitely an event not to be missed...or as the ads would say, "Check out this one time offer! You've never heard so many hits in one huge collection. Remember it's not available in any stores! So act now cuz this offer will not be repeated!" and indeed it will not. We'll just have to think of something new for next year.

And to everybody who helped even slightly, Thank-you from myself, The Cattle Club and the children of the Mustard Seed School.

–Jerry Perry

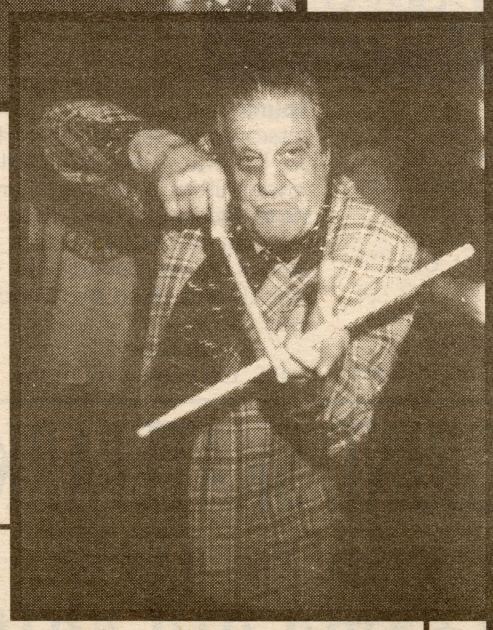
Kai Kln went all out for the event. Their performance as **The Villiage People** was one of the great highlights of the day.

Truman & John from **Prayer Wheel** top the Cheese-o-Meter scale with their heart-felt duet on the **Cap't. & Tenille's** *"Muskrat Love."*



Greasy Promoter sporting the latest in polyester sleaze-wear.

Little Elvis say a quick prayer to the King, before taking to the stage and performing *"Kung-Fu Fighting"* (with real life Elvis Kung-Fu moves!), *"Let Me Be There"* (a song done originally by **Olivia Newton John**, but then by Elvis), *"Takin' Care of Business"* (This was Elvis' motto)and *"Burnin' Love"* (a True Elvis Hit!)These boys do their research!



It's downtown legend **Bobby Burns**. If the stories about Bobby are true then he's definately earned that legend status. According to the stories going 'round, Bobby used to be the drummer in **Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra**, or he may have been **Frank Sinatra**'s personal manager for a week or **Jo Stafford** might be his sister. Well, whatever the story is or was *Bobby* is still a legend and his performance as one-half of **Bar-B-Que Jr. UK** (with **Jackson Griffith**) was definitely a crowd-pleaser.

ALL THE HITS
BY NONE OF THE BANDS THAT MADE THEM FAMOUS

3:00-**PLAYGROUND** - *"Tough Guys" & "One Way or Another"*
3:10-**THE BANANAS**-*"Ko Ko Mo" & "Maybe I Know"*
3:30-**GÜN** - *"Convoy" & "Mr. Bojangles"*
3:40-**BABELFISH** - *"Kids in America" & "Jesse's Girl"*
3:55-**THORNUCOPIA** - *"(You're a) Heartbreaker" & "Jane"*
4:15- **99 TALES** - *"Crocodile Rock" & "Joy to the World"*
4:30- **THE GROOVIE GHOULIES** - *"Dancin' in the Moonlight","The Cover of Rolling Stone" & "Half-breed"*
4:45-**LITTLE GUILT SHRINE**- *"Don't Bring Me Down" & "(We Got) The Beat"*
5:00-**PIVOT** - *"I Ran" & "Jesse's Girl"*
5:15-**QORE** - *"The Theme to Laverne & Shirley" & "We Will Rock You"*
5:30-**POUNDED CLOWN** - *"Paranoid", "King of the Road" & "House of the Rising Sun"*
5:40-**BARBARA'S BUSH** - *"Gloria", "Crazy" & "The Lion Sleeps Tonight'*
5:55-**PHALLUCY** - *"Cruel to be Kind", "Wildfire" & "Hot Child in the City"*
6:15-**FILIBUSTER** - *"I'll Take You There", "Mr. Big Stuff" & "Why Can't We Be Friends?"*
6:30-**HARD** - *"Brown Eyed Girl" & "Funkytown"*
6:45-**PRAYER WHEEL** - *"Muskrat Love" & "Cisco Kid"*
7:00-**PHIBES INFERNAL MACHINE** - *"Fire"*
7:10-**DROP ACID** - *"Heart of Glass" & "Feel Like Makin' Love"*
7:20-**BLINDSIDE** - *"Seperate Ways (World's Apart) & "Reign in Blood"*
7:35-**FAR** - *"Jesse's Girl" & "I Love Rock-n-Roll"*
7:45-**THE PORCHUPINES** - *"The Cover of Rolling Stone", "Carwash" & "Fooled Around and Fell in Love"*
8:00-**FLOOD** - *"Careless Whispers" & "(We Got) The Beat"*
8:20-**LITTLE ELVIS** - *"Kung-Fu Fighting", "Let Me Be There", "Takin' Care of Business" & "Burnin' Love"*
8:45-**ANTON BARBEAU & THE JOY BOYS** - *"Saturday Night"*
8:55-**BAR-B-QUE JR. UK** - *"(Love Grows) Where My Rosemary Goes", "Me & You (and a Dog Named Boo)", "Hitchin' a Ride" & "Volaré"*
9:15-**LAWN** - *"Brandy", "Don't Pull Your Love Out" & "I Feel the Earth Move"*
9:30-**EARLY TIMES** - *"Pick up the Pieces", "(That's the Way) I Like it" & "Evil Woman"*
9:45-**KAI KLN** - *"YMCA" & "Macho Man"*
10:00-**MOMMY** - *Medley: "Hooked on a Feeling/Black Betty/American Woman/Dizzy/Delta Dawn/Seasons in the Sun/Theme from 'S.W.A.T.'/Black Superman (Muhammad Ali)/Do Ya/The Night Chicago Died/Rock Me Gently/Billy, Don't be a Hero//Indian Reservation/Rock-n-Roll pt. 2/Lido Shuffle/Snoopy vs. the Red Baron/(Build me up) Buttercup/Crimson & Clover/Sugar, Sugar/Little Willy/Mississippi Queen"*
10:15-**SEX 66** - *"Rollercoaster (of Love)" & "Troglodyte"*
10:30-**ATTICA** - *"Love Will Keep us Together/ "(That's the Way) I Like It/Shake Your Booty"*
10:45-**SOUL MOTOR** - *"You Sexy Thing" & "Dancin' Machine"*

–Photos by Amy Lehman

THE BOARD REPORT

A Memo From The Chairman Of The Board

Like I mentioned last issue, I'd been wanting to go street skatin with **Chino** from the **Deftones**. I knew Chino was a pretty rippin' skater cause I'd seen him ollie up onto the stage at the studio. We finally hooked up and he came over with his skate bud, **Snagit Wilkinson**. We decided to meet at the studio and then skate around downtown.

As we skated around, I was pretty stoked because I had got some new **Union Tuff Shit** wheels and new bearings the day before. Mike over at **X-21** hooked me up pretty good on the wheels, and while I was there Mike mentioned that he wants to start selling tapes and CD's by local bands. He's already got **After Dark Club** tapes and is going to sell the **Pivot** 7 inch when it comes out. So if you're in a band and want him to sell your tape, then call him at 456-6271.

Another SK8 and music tie-in I heard about is **Jimmy** at **Go SK8** sponsoring **Far.** This is the first time I've heard of a skate shop sponsoring a band, but it seems like a good thing. I wonder if this means that Far will have their own line of clothing and decks if they hit the big-time? Is the **Shaun Lopez** model right around the corner?

So anyway, back to skating. We started off skating Memorial and then headed further downtown. Chino skates kind of a "burly old school influenced new school" kind of style. He can ollie a bunch of steps or ollie up a three foot platform but he can also do some rad flipitty tricks too and has been known to skate some backyard pools in his time. He was also doing a bunch of grinds and nose slides at Memorial.

The bio part: Chino's been skating since he was 11 which totals out to 8 years of boarding. Movin on.

It didn't seem to be our day for finding spots though. Usually on Sundays, it's deserted downtown but on that day there were a bunch of people milling around and we kept getting kicked out of spots by security gaurds. Chino did do a burly ollie at Courthouse Copy at 701 H street though. After gettin kicked out of a parking garage with some happenin curbs, we decided to hit a handrail by twin towers that Chino had done before. But, after we skated all the way over there we got kicked out after he tried it 3 times. I'm pretty sure he was gonna make it on the 4th try, but we'll never really know.

CHINO: A CLASSIC MOVE AT A CLASSIC SPOT

As it turns out, a lot of the people were downtown to celebrate a grant from US Bank to keep the library open on Sundays. We were skating by 9th and J just in time to see the SWAT team cordon off the block after some wacko offed two librarians. Pretty fucking lame. Americans and their right to bear arms-I'd like to see some gun control lobbyist really lose it and go after Charlton Heston with a cheap handgun when he wasn't lookin. My sympathies to the families of the murdered libarians. Anyway, not wanting to be ghoulish, we figured that with all the cops hanging around the library we could probably skate just about anywhere else since skateboarding as a crime would be low on their priorities for the next few hours. We were right, we sessioned for a while at the end of the K street mall and at this weird but fun cement bump in the BofA parking lot at 7th & I. Snagit had to get to work in an hour or so, so we headed back to the studio to session the ramps for a bit and then call it a day. We ran into **Dutch Falconi's Fabulous Orchestra** finishing up a session, but they were nice enough to let us skate and their guitarist, Dan, even borrowed a skate and took a few shots at the quarter pipe.

Well, that's how it went down and about five minutes ago, Brett at the **Daily Grind** called me about a band playing at the park from Texas named **Spunk** and a skate session/beer fest at the park. So, I'm outta here like a little wheel hitting a stick with my **Noah Salasnek** ramp deck with big motherfuckin old school 66 mm **Cockroach** wheels and off to the Grind. Late.

-Botch

P.S. Oh yeah, one more thing. I wanna know who all the skaters (past or present) and snowboarders who play in bands are. Send me a letter, and I'll publish the best letters and the names of every single person and their band who writes me. Answer the follwing questions:

1. Who are you?
2. What band are you in?
3. What instrument do you play?
4. Do you skate or snowboard?
5. What's your favorite spot to skate?
6. How many skaters do you think were at the **Fugazi** show?

Drop me a line with the answers to the seven questions and anything else you want to say and mail it to:

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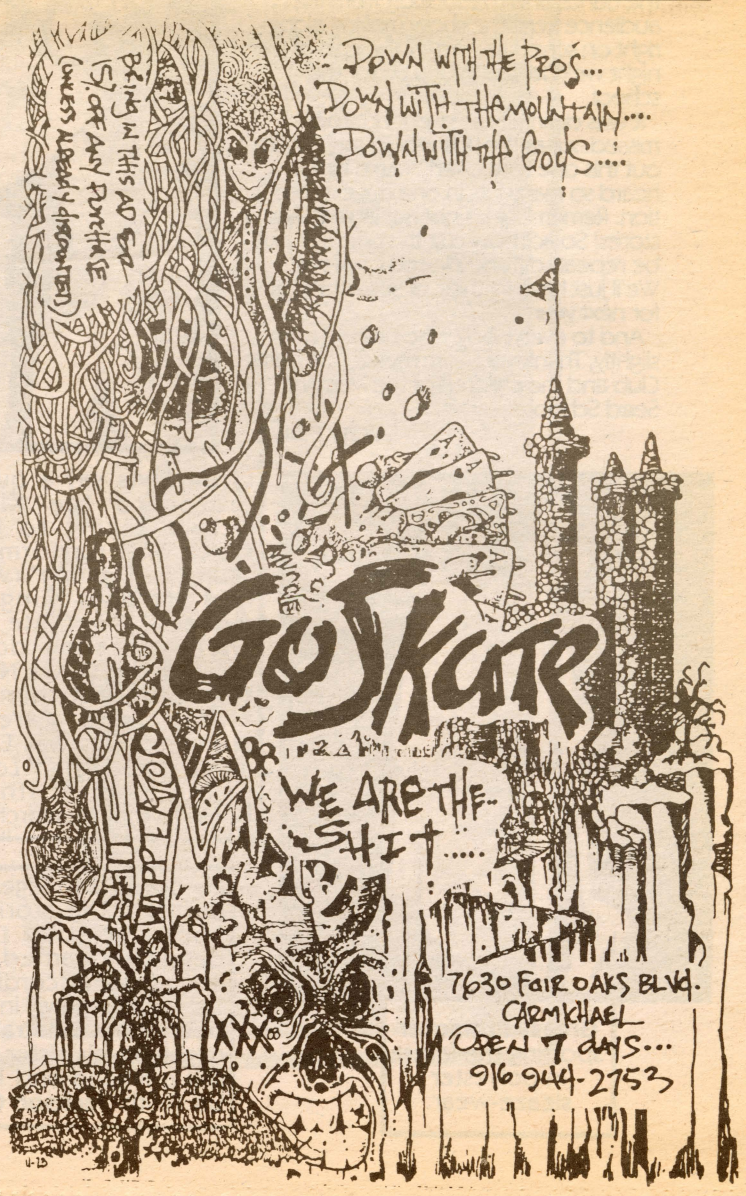
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THE BIGGER THEY ARE...
LOCAL ARTISTS REVIEW THE BIG SHOWS

Jonah Matranga of **Far-** reviews **Prince** live at the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, April 11, 1993

A semi-sense of anticipation hangs over this place. Is the crowd jaded or just quiet? It's Prince's first U.S. tour in about five years. He's playing small(er) venues on this tour, around 4000-seaters. This might lead one to believe that Prince was worried about his draw, but he's booking 2-3 nights in each city and selling all the dates out in under a half-hour, so scratch that. He just wants to keep it intimate. Prince rarely does things out of insecurity, or by mistake. Everything, every little move and note, is very much on purpose. Even if you don't like what Prince creates, the purity of his vision and his ability to make it reality are awesome things to consider.

I'm content, here after a nice chic San Francisco meal with my Uncle Paul, his girlfriend Julie and my girlfriend Heather. We got the tickets for free, through a connection of my Uncle's. He doesn't really want to be here, but the friend who got him the tickets made him go. Good man. I'm hoping that over the course of the night my Uncle will be converted into a rabid Prince fan like myself. Actually, I'm just hoping he'll stay for more than three songs. Hey, a clap from nowhere! I didn't think this crowd had it in 'em... died down, though, no climax.

The outfits people wear are half the fun in before-the-show limbo. Many shapes and sizes at a Prince show. He is a sort of raceless, genderless person, so all flock to him. That's the thing about his following: If there are, say, 100 different 'types' of people, most performers will appeal to one group overwhelmingly, and maybe 80% of the people in that group of people will like that act. Now Prince, he doesn't necessarily have a great majority of listeners that fall into any one category, but about 10% of every group seems to like him, so he ends up with this ridiculously diverse and devoted fan base about ten times bigger than most other famous performers.

LIGHTS OUT. CROWD ERUPTS. They *were* just being quiet. I haven't heard such a roar in a long time. Prince's latest cosmic symbol of androgyny glows above the stage. As *"My Name is Prince"* slams into us and washes over us, it's hard to believe that it's all live. About two songs in, my Uncle leans over and screams into me ear, "what's the message? Dylan had a message." And I don't exactly know how to answer him. Prince is real, he is royalty, he commands. Tony M., his rapper sidekick, does not. And Prince is giving the stage to Tony M. as my Uncle asks me this. Whatever message Prince may have, it is very diluted right now in the screams and lights and Tony M.'s tired, second-rate raps. Prince is sharing too much right now.

My Uncle Paul and Julie are gone after about 6 songs. When he gets up to leave, he says "I'm not tired, I just don't like it." His 'message' comment is getting to me. I'm amazed, inspired, etc., but not by the *feeling*. I'm awed by the precision. It is magic, but it's cold. It's a strange story he's telling, there are all these skits going on with performers running in and out of the crowd. So far, a Princess, two guys in turbans and a reporter have come out of the audience. They have been promptly abducted or warded off by Prince's trusty sidekicks. This is *neat*. Is it just 'cause I don't know the new tunes that well? Wait, these vocals are taped. I hear 6 Princes. The Wizard of Oz effect. My god, I'm suspicious of Prince. There's something wrong. NOW FOR AN INTERMISSION.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered today to celebrate this thing called life.." Huge white-noise crowd roar as the second set starts and *"Let's go Crazy"* kicks in. Super-tight segues into *"Kiss"* and then *"Irresistible Bitch"* a rare B-side that is way better than most R&B/funk artists' crowning achievements. And then *"She's Always In My Hair"*, another brilliant non-album track. Prince is a bastard. He just makes so much music, he has full albums that are incredible and he doesn't put them out because he's not in the mood or something. Meanwhile, the rest of us struggle to make up a couple of simple catchy rhymes or melodies. GUITAR!! Prince is CRUNCHIN'!!. And then clean, fluid funk, alone. He burns. Now a syrupy slurpy ballad. But it's awesome, sexy, that voice. For once, I'm at a concert with a girl! I don't have to conduct two-minute eye-contact affairs with the girltwo rows up. There's someone to kiss at the slow parts!. All the girls at this show are sausaged out in spandex&leather anyway, butts&titties spilling out rudely, as if *their* name was Prince, and *they* were funky. There's all this stuff going on up on stage and around me, but it's all so peripheral. *"Insatiable"*, *"Scandalous"*.... First there is a sexy dancer up there with him, then he's alone... ours.

Near the end of the show, he makes some crack about lip-syncing. Prince says to Tony M., "You know what? We shouldn't be wasting all this energy. We could be lyp-syncing! I mean c'mon, everybody's doin' it these days...Naw, fuck that!" And with that, the band kicks into a groove that the New Kids would have to move to as they hung their heads in shame. Oh, and then *"Purple Rain"*... As many times as I've seen and heard that song, Prince's performance of it tonight fills me up. I cry as he plays and sings. You know, it's okay. It's okay that I'll never, ever be as good as Prince. That's alright.

Prince encores with *"1999"* and *"Baby I'm a Star."* His professional, but ultimately inept, buddies encore with, 'Hi, you're probably hoping that Prince just comes out solo acoustic next time, huh.'

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And...If you're interested in writing for A & K or submitting photos, call us.
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When starting the Cattle Club our hope was to provide a venue where all bands could play. Of course we basically meant local bands and had no idea that we'd ever start bringing in bands of the calibre we eventually did. Man, the first time **Primus**, or **X** or **Eric Johnson** played there we knew we had succeeded. We truly had a venue where everyone would play. Boy, those were the Glory Days. What saps we were. Who could've forseen the disastrous series of events that would seal our fate and the fates of....

THE TEN BANDS THAT WILL NEVER PLAY THE CATTLE CLUB AGAIN!!!

1) FUCK SHIT UP - Hmmm...Fuck Shit Up. Hmmm... Now any idiot would hear a name like that and not return the phone calls. But we're not just any idiots! In all fairness though, folks, we really didn't book them. They just showed up. Actually, see, we'd booked the Fuck-Ups and...well let's start at the beginning. Chris Harvey, former Cattle Club light guy and original Bleeder, calls us from S.F. and tells us his band, **8-Ball Scratch** and three other bay-area bands wanna come and do a show with us. Well Chris is a pal so what the hell.

Come show day five bands show up and none of them are 8-Ball Scratch. This band **Speed Racer** tells us that 8-Ball said they weren't comin' so Speed Racer could play in their place. They then head straight for the restrooms and graffitti the walls with Speed Racer written about ten times in six foot letters. Cool!

In the meantime the other four bands are getting completely shitfaced at our happy hour. Now since there are now five bands (something we really didn't want to deal with) we have to decide who's not playin' and who's goin' on first. About this time 8-Ball Scratch shows up. Six Bands. Oh joy. When Chris sees that Speed Racer and Fuck Shit Up are there, basically to crash the show, a yelling match ensues over who is and isn't playing. A decision is finally reached, and although Speed Racer were able to leave thier mark in our bathrooms they, fortunately are not going to leave one on our stage. Now *who's on first* become a classic routine to rival Abbot & Costello's.

Three drum sets are set up and then angrily torn down in rapid succession as the bands fight about the evening's order. Three band schedules are written out then torn to bits as the band order changes every five minutes. Finally the doors open, and since Fuck Shit Up is the band whose drums were up at that particular moment, they become the opening act. So....as the show begins there are 30 drunk old skate punks (the bands) and their ten drunk old skate punk guests, the staff, and our *pal* Chris Harvey.

Fuck Shit Up's five minute performance consist of every member of the band being tackled by every member of the audience at least twice, mic cable tug of wars with every mic cable on stage, two broken mics, and me cutting the power and telling the idiots to leave our club...forever! After numerous drunken death threats and warnings to "stay the fuck out of San Fransisco" the bands finally leave...forever.

2) GREEN DAY - In all honesty, Green Day has never played the Cattle Club, although we would sure love them to. Unforunatly the Cattle Club is in Sacramento, and Green Day will never play in Sacramento again. Why? Cuz about five years ago they played a show at Cloonie Hall and a few of Sacto's finest bald music critics reviewed the show and gave it two fists down (mostly on one of the band's members). Now all we can hope for is a show in Davis or a polite wave as they pass by on I-80 on their way to Reno. Well, who knows, maybe someday Green Day will find it in their hearts to forgive Sacramento, and we're certainly not above begging...soooo... PLEASE COME PLAY THE CATTLE CLUB... PLEASE,WE'RE BEGGING!! Well, let's see what that does.

3) THE FLUID - The Fluid must not know much about baseball because they only gave us two strikes before they headed for home. The Fluid isn't pissed at Sacto in general, just us. Unlike Green Day, The Fluid has played the Cattle Club...twice. Both "shows of shame" for the Cattle Club, made all the more unbearable to us by the fact that we love the Fluid.

Strike one... September '89. This show was an interesting learning experience for us at the club, seeing as we'd only been doing shows there for a few months. This was the first time we'd gotten to see the effect a rainstorm would have on a show. First major effect - no one shows up. The second major effect didn't occur until five minutes into the Fluid's set, at which point the ceiling over their nice expensive equipment started leaking in about 10 different places. Water was running over everything and the Fluid didn't appreciate the irony of the situation. Somehow the Fluid made it through the show and being the good sports that they were decided to give us a swing at...

Strike Two. January '90. We set up the Fluid on a show supporting **the Vandals** (see #4). To make a long story short, this show was a nightmare from the word go. The crowd was in a frenzy when the Fluid hit the stage and after five minutes another one of Sacto's fine music critics decided to get on stage and rate the band via a head-butt to the bassist, drawing blood and prematurely ending their set. Needless to say we all felt like shit. At the end of the night as the Fluid was loading out their equipment, we went out to apologize one last time. They reluctantly informed us that someone had stolen a t-shirt from them. "Who?" I asked, "I'll get security right on it." "Well," they mumbled, "that's who stole it." Oh the shame of it all. Now the best we can hope for is that they don't recognize us in the audience when we go see them in San Francisco. We're too afraid to even beg these guys back. For our sakes as well as theirs.

4) THE VANDALS - Hmmm...The Vandals. Hmmm... Now any idiot... O.K. We *did* book the Vandals. Of course the Vandals are punk rock legends. Too bad none of those Vandals were at the club that night. These guys weren't old enough to be legends at their high school. Who sold the name to *these* monkeys? *Hey, hey we're the Vandals. You better not put us down...* If you've been paying attention so far, you already know how this night started. These guys must have been the little brothers of Fuck Shit Up. I guess the Vandal's moms and dads must not have ever made these kids pay for mics or monitors they destroyed at home cuz they were sure surprised when we did. (It takes a mighty big paper route to pay for one monitor.) It took too long to get too little money. They promised to leave and never come back and we called it even. Maybe someday when they're older they'll understand what they did wrong. Or maybe they'll just buy Fuck Shit Up's name and continue with what they do best - break things.

5) DISORDER - Our attorney says the less said the better. Nuff said.

6) JELLYFISH - In August '90, before anyone had heard of these guys, they were offered to us for $50. So official Cattle Club booking agent and unsung hero **Brian McKenna** hustles and calls every radio station in Sac and manages to get their song added to the playlists at 93ROCK and KZAP. Unfortunately the show falls through and the band can't come back for another two months. By that time their song had taken off on the radio and on MTV, their guarrantee had risen to $500, and the Cattle Club show had the dubious honor of being the first date on their first tour ever.

Now, the band showed up the night before their show to hang out at the bar and they all seem pretty cool, but the next day their road-manager arrives who just happens to be friends with another promoter who was operating in Sacramento at that time, and all he does is complain about every little thing at the club. He even goes so far as to approach various members of the Cattle Club staff to ask them why they don't work for the other promoter instead of the Cattle Club

Because the show is the first show on their first tour, we try to accomidate them in every way. This includes allowing a guest list of well over 100 people. So at the end of the night, when a crowded Cattle Club doesn't translate into the big bank he felt the band should get, rather than what was contractually agreed they would get, the road-manager made it apperant that the guest list favor would not be returned with future Jellyfish shows. But we tried anyway. Months later we were offered another Jellyfish date and even though their agent assured us that we would get the show, we found out that our rival got the show when it was announced on 93 ROCK. Realizing that favoritism is against us and that we'll probably never work with Jellyfish while their manager lives, the best we can do is amuse ourselves with mock bids. And although we haven't done it yet, we're hoping for the day an agent asks, "Would you guys like to bid on Jellyfish?" so we can say "Sure, how about $50 for old times sake." Ouch.

7) SCREECHING WEASEL - This show took place when the Cattle Club was only a calf. This may have been our third or fourth show. It was our first punk show. It all started when this guy I never heard of named **Ben Weasel** called me about his band that I never heard of called Screeching Weasel and they were looking for a show. He sent me an album and I totally dug it. The terms of the

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engagement are foggy in my head now but I'm pretty sure they were getting a $50 guarantee plus a percentage of the net.

The week of the show the bar lost its liquor licence for reasons better left unsaid. Consequently virtually no one showed up. There wasn't enough money to cover expenses, let alone the bands. So, being the sap that I was, I took my ATM card to the nearest bank and pulled out enough to pay each of the bands their guarantees. No one was really happy with the dismal turn-out or pay, but you win some you lose some. End of story. Right? WRONG.

Turns out Ben Weasel is a writer for **Maximum Rock and Roll**, which I didn't find out until a few years later when I read an article he wrote about the independent music business. Good stuff. Sometime after that I started hearing about a previous article he wrote that I had never seen (and still haven't). Apparently in this article Ben tells of the night his band played at the Cattle Club and how the sleazy promoter ran out the back door with all the money before paying any of the bands. Gosh, that would be me. Thanks, Ben, for sharing that cool bit of fiction. It keeps me real popular with the kids.

8) LOS HUEVOS - I really like most of the guys in this band. *Most* of the guys. And I hear they're pretty good, too. It's just that a certain member (we'll call him "Scott") thinks that I'm "a parasitical turd who exploits Sacramento bands while laughing all the way to the bank." He *wishes* he had something to exploit. Ha Ha Ha Ha Gotta go make a deposit now.

9) PAVEMENT - Here's a sad one. We don't even know how this one got on the list. Our friend Barry from **Pivot**,who often (and loudly) claims to be friends with Pavement, and I have the following conversation one day:

Barry-Pavement says they're never going to play the Cattle Club again.

Jerry- What? How come?

B-Cuz one of you guys didn't know who they were.

J-What do you mean? They've played here. We love them.

B-Yeah, well all I know is one of the guys called the Cattle Club looking for a show and whoever he talked to said he had never heard of them.

J-Well, who the hell did he talk to?

B-I don't know.

J-Well, Christ, for all I know he coulda been talkin' to Bob or Maitre' Dave.

B-Well, I don't know, they just say they're never going to play here again.

J-Look, Barry, you gotta talk to them. Of course we know who they are. They fuckin' stole the **Buffalo Tom** show. Obviously there's been some kind of misunderstanding. Actually it's kind of funny if you think about it.

B-Well, one of the guys is gonna be here tonight.

J-Really, maybe I can talk to him. Does he have a sense of humor?

B-Yeah, sure. Those guys are really funny.

J-Great, then here's what we'll do. You introduce him to me as one of your friends from Pavement and I'll say "The Pave Men, never heard of ya". Then we'll all have a good laugh and I'll try to figure out who the hell he talked to.

B-Yeah, yeah, that's good.

So later that night I'm standing by one of the speakers watching a band and Barry approaches with his friend.

Barry(yelling over the band)-JERRY, THIS IS MY FRIEND FROM PAVEMENT.

Jerry(yelling back)-THE PAVE MEN, NEVER HEARD OF YA.

Barry's friend stares at me stoicly. Obviously the humor was lost in the roar of the music.

Several weeks later.

Barry-Pavement's says they're never playing at the Cattle Club again.

Jerry-I know, Barry. I know.

10) EVERYONE WHO PLAYED THE CATTLE CLUB AND GOT SO BIG THEY CAN ONLY PLAY GIANT VENUES NOW - This is a big list, but the three most painful have got to be **Nirvana**, **Alice in Chains**, and **Mookie Blaylock**(**Pearl Jam**). In Each of these cases the bands came in, played to virtually no one, lost us lots of money, and got huge within six months. If any one of these bands ever played the Cattle Club again we'd be set for life. But it ain't gonna happen. It's not that it couldn't happen. It's just that it probably wouldn't happen. Not without begging. But then.... we're not above begging... soooo.....PLEASE, NIRVANA. PLEASE COME PLAY THE CATTLE CLUB AGAIN... PLEASE,WE'RE BEGGING!!

Well, let's see what that does.

-Jerry Perry & Eric Bianchi

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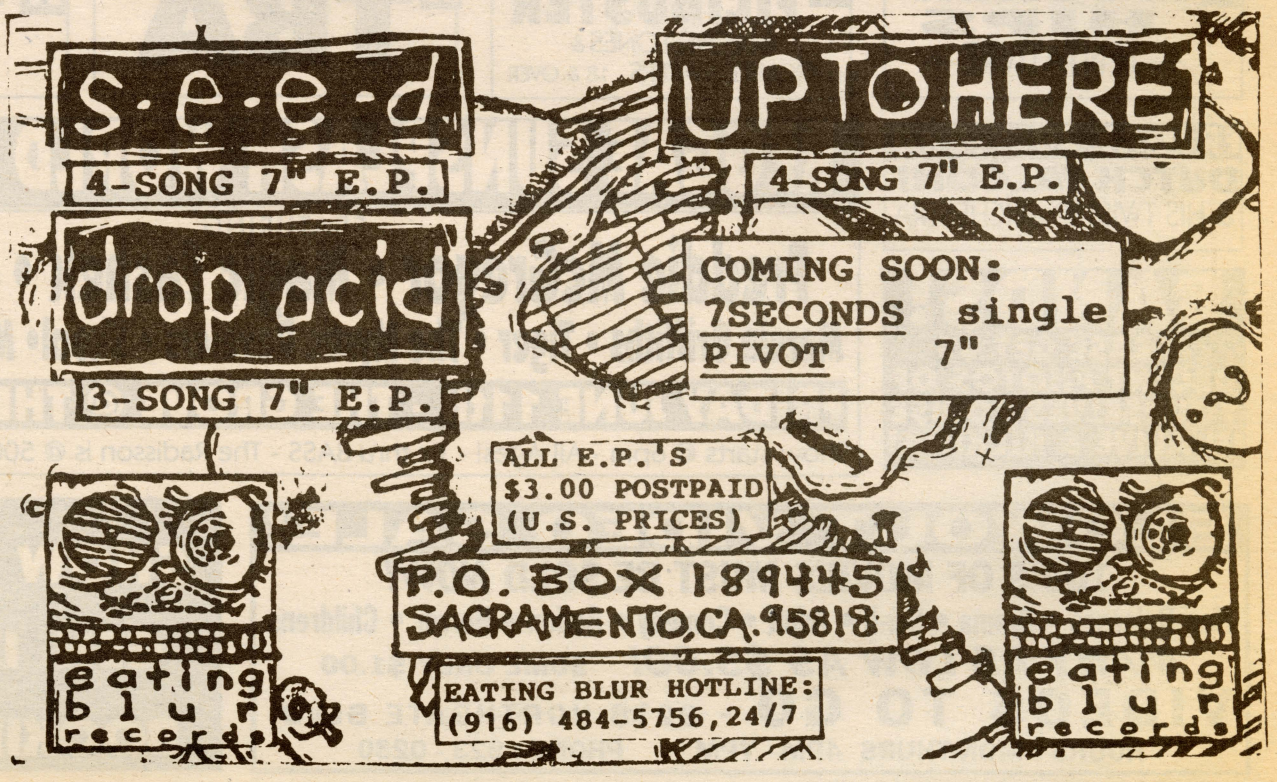
DEDICATION

Jerry and I would like to dedicate this issue of Alive And Kicking to our friend and business associate, Robert Brown. Unfortunately this is the last issue of A & K that will be published out of Bob's desktop publishing business, Officewise Associates. On April 30,1993, Officewise closed their doors forever. Last year, Bob's partner and co-founder of Officewise, Marc Wilson, died unexpectedly. Due to problems with Marc's estate, Officewise can no longer stay open for business. While Officewise may not have been Newbert's Hardware, Midtown Sacramento has lost a unique and vital small business that had a big impact on the cultural "scene" in Sacramento. Officewise provided an inexpensive and relaxed place where people with more ideas than experience could realize their visions wihout going into hock or getting a degree in design. Many small publications were published out of Officewise. Besides A & K there's Alphabet Threat, Black Music Entertainment, Because People Matter, Outdoor Family News, Suttertown News, Poet News, Heckler, Evolving Times, and probably a few more I've never heard of, not to mention more flyers, handbills, and CD and cassette covers that I can count. Hopefully these small publications will find a way to survive without Officewise, but it just won't be the same. Gone will be the days of all these micro-publishers sitting around Officewise waiting for their job to print, drinking coffee and trading tips and suggestions on how to output a paper or scan a photo. Thanks for the oppurtunity Bob, we'll miss you and good luck.

-John Baccigaluppi



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14 THE AFTER DARK CLUB
w/ THE GOD SQUAD & DIESEL
9:00 18 & OVER $5 / 21+ $6 / -21

21 COWS
w/ JANITOR JOE & SWEATY NIPPLES
9:00 18 & OVER

28 SKANKIN' PICKLE
w/ FILIBUSTER & KING APPARATUS
9:00 ALL AGES

SATURDAYS

15 TIGER TRAP
RECORD RELEASE SHOW
W/THE DECIBELS, PLAYGROUND & THE DAISY SPOTS ALL AGES $5 / 21+ $6 / -21

22 7 SECONDS
w/ PHALLUCY & QORE
9:00 ALL AGES $7/ adv $9 / day

29 FUNGO MUNGO
w/ GRETA & HARD and 3 WAY LISA
9:00 ALL AGES

SUNDAYS

16 CLOSED!
GO SEE FISHBONE @ THE CREST

23 SLOAN
w/GRANT LEE BUFFALO & CAKE
8:00 18 & OVER $6 ADV / $8 DAY

30 SURGERY
—TENTATIVE—

TUEDAYS

18 $2.00 SHOW
w/ 2 BANDS
9:00 18 & OVER

FROM AUSTIN, TEXAS
25 KILLBILLY
w/LITTLE GUILT SHRINE
9:00 18 & OVER $4/ 21+ $5/ 21-

THURSDAYS

20 $3.00 SHOW
w/ PHORENZIK, PAX MORTIS & ALPHA Z
9:00 ALL AGES $4. UNDER 21

27 $3.00 SHOW
w/ ANAL TONGUE DARTS, ZARATE & HEADSPIN
9:00 18 & OVER

SUN MAY 16 @ THE CREST THEATRE

FISHBONE
WITH GUESTS
FAR & Subject To Change
DOORS @ 7:00 - SHOW @ 8:00 TIX $15.00 / ADV. - $18 / DAY
ALL AGES! THE CREST IS LOCATED @ 1013 'K' STREET

JUNE @ THE CATTLE CLUB

FRIDAYS

4 FUNKY BLUE VELVET
w/ UP TO HERE & KNUCKLEHEAD
9:00 ALL AGES $6 / 21+ $7 / -21

11 99 TALES
w/PLAYGROUND & POPDEFECT
ALSO: BABEL FISH ALL AGES

18 MARK CURRY
w/ PRAYER WHEEL(acoustic) & t.b.a's s9:00 18 & OVER

25 MOTHER HIPS
—TENTATIVRE—

SATURDAYS

5 SOUL MOTOR
W/ HOGWASH & WHISKEY PARK
9:00 18 & OVER $5 / 21+ $6 / -21

12 FAR
w/FONKE SOCIALISTIKS & HOLLOWMAN
ALSO: FLOOD ALL AGES

19 BASH & POP
w/ CADILLAC TRAMPS & MOMMY 9:00 18 &OVER

26 FILIBUSTER
THE LOVED ONES & THE TROUBLE MAKERS 18 & OVER

SUNDAYS

6 KDVS BENEFIT
A NIGHT OF COLLEGE RADIO HITS PLAYED BY A MESS O' LOCAL BANDS
-MORE INFO LATER-

13 BLINDSIDE
W/ CIRCUS TENTS, SOCK & SPINACH ALL AGES 7:00

20 NATIONHOOD
W/ SECOND COMING, UNITY & ONE TBA ALL AGES 7:00

27 TBA

TUEDAYS

1 $2.00 SHOW
w/ SWAY & MADNESS OF DEAN
9:00 18 & OVER

8 TBA

SUB POP RECORDING ARTISTS
15 LES THUGS
w/ZEN GORILLA & ONE TBA

22 $2.00 SHOW
w/MADNESS OF DEAN & SANDBOX TRIO
9:00 18 & OVER

29 $2.00 SHOW
w/ PIPSQUEAK & ONE TBA
9:00 18 & OVER

THURSDAYS

3 $3.00 SHOW
w/ FACE, SHACK & BLINDSTARE
9:00 18 & OVER

10 $3.00 SHOW
w/ RIVOTHEAD, TOXIC F & 2 DOPE
9:00 18 & OVER

17 $3.00 SHOW
w/ FROTHEHAUS & 2 TBA'S
9:00 18 & OVER

24 TBA

THURSDAY JULY 1st
4 A.D. RECORDING ARTIST
HIS NAME IS ALIVE & SWELL

FRIDAY JULY 2nd
DUTCH FALCONI
& HIS TWISTED ORCHESTRA

BANDS!
PLEASE GET US DECENT PHOTOS OF YOURSELVES TO USE IN ALIVE & KICKING!

REGGAE SUNSPLASH WORLD TOUR '93

FEATURING
Freddie McGregor • Magic Fashek • Shinehead
Marcia Griffiths • Tiger • The Mystic Revelers • Skool• M.C. Tommy Cowan
FRIDAY JUNE 11th - THE GROVE @ THE RADISSON
Show starts @ 6pm - All Ages! - Tix thru BASS - The Radisson is @ 500 Liesure Lane - Sacto.

SATURDAY, JULY 24th @ THE CREST THEATRE
KAI KLN
VICTIM'S FAMILY
UP TO HERE
& MOTHER HIPS

BLOWOUT VIDEO SALE!
100'S OF MOVIES MUST BE SOLD *NOW!*
New Releases • Drama • Sci-fi • Adult • Comedy • Action • Horror • Childrens
MANY AS LOW AS $5.00! SOME ONLY $1.00
VIDEOS TO GO - 3278 NORTHGATE BLVD.
HOURS : MON-THURS 4PM - 7PM PHONE : 923 - 0230

SHOW INFO: 386-0390
GEN. INFO: 454-CLUB
BOOKINGS: 444-KLUB